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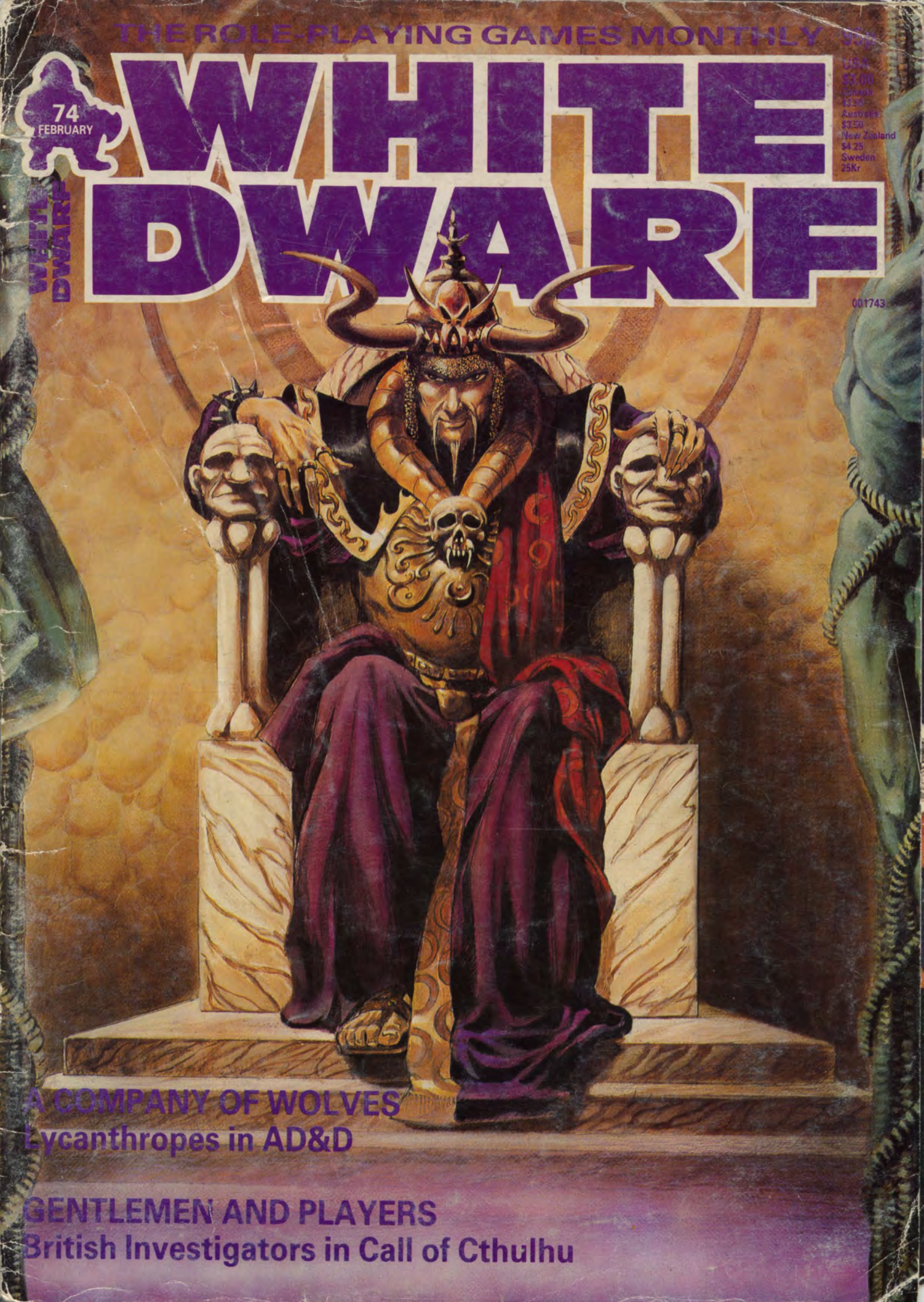

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ISSUE 74 FEBRUARY 1986

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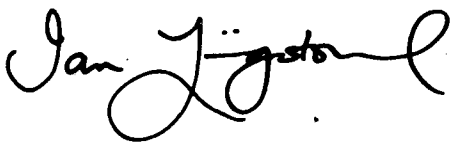
There comes a time when we can no longer do all the things we would like to do. Sadly I have found that over the past few years I have had progressively less time to spare on editing *White Dwarf*. More and more of the job has fallen on the competent shoulders of Ian Marsh, and I now recognise that the time has come to relinquish the position of Editor to him. Ian has made his distinctive mark on the magazine over the last year, and I think you will agree that the *White Dwarf* has surpassed even its own high standards.

Don't worry that I am deserting the magazine, however. As Editor-in-Chief, I will be keeping a benevolent eye on the progress of my eight-year-old love-child. It has been a productive eight years, and I pride myself on the fact that *White Dwarf* has remained true to its origins – providing expert coverage of all that is best in Science Fiction and Fantasy Gaming. A new indecipherable signature on the editorial next issue!



FEATURES

Superpower *by Bruce Hollands* 4
Games Workshop's latest game explained by its inventor

Terror at Trollmarsh *by Peter and Janet Vialls* 17
What lies behind the facade of this manorial *AD&D* adventure?

A Company of Wolves *by Peter Blanchard* 26
Lycanthropic lunacy in *AD&D*

The Power of the Frog *by Dave Langford* 29
Short fiction from the master of sproing!

The Hide of the Ancestor *by Chris Watson* 34
RuneQuest scenario for lion-hearted adventurers

Gentlemen and Players *by Chris Elliott and Richard Edwards* 42
Very English investigators in *Call of Cthulhu*

Alternative Origins *by Ian Thomson* 48
Mutant Golden Heroes

DEPARTMENTS

Open Box 8
Rips apart *Dragon Warriors, Oriental Adventures* and *Vikings*

Critical Mass *by Dave Langford* 11
Thumbs through the latest science fiction and fantasy books

Letters *edited by Ian Marsh* 14
Comments on almost anything!

Treasure Chest 46
Tunes into musicianship

Thrud the Barbarian *by Carl Critchlow* 47
Disposes of some unwanted adventurers

The Travellers *by Mark Harrison* 49
Investigates the unknown

Tabletop Heroes *by Joe Dever* 52
Paints a pretty picture (or two)!

Gobbledigook *by Bil* 54
Oh no, not another *MERP* ad!

Trevor's Tidbits *by Trevor Mendham* 55
Exposes the hobby's peculiarities

Small Ads 58
Helps you work, rest and play!

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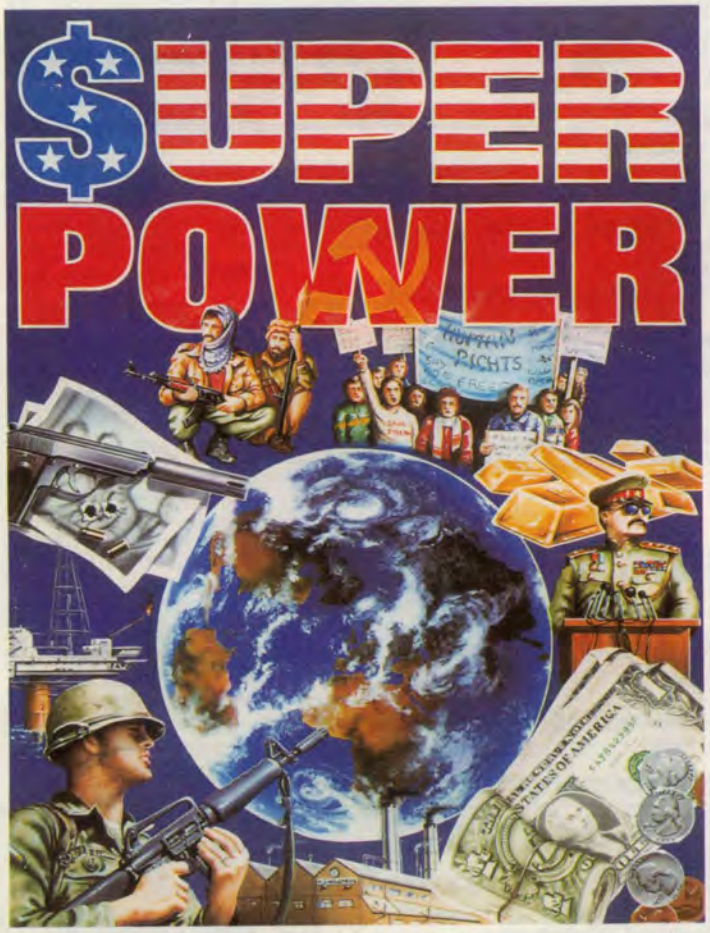
SUPERPOWER

A History of the Game of Foreign Policy, by Co-inventor Bruce Hollands



Superpower is a game of international affairs and world politics where each player, as leader of a superpower, must complete in the global power struggle until one emerges with the greatest amount of influence and dominance in the Third World. It is based upon academic and first-hand knowledge of the world, particularly the situation in Central America. The game involves plenty of player interaction, and players win through the skilful application of their foreign policies. *Superpower*, although complex in its outlook and scope, can be played at basic or highly involved levels.

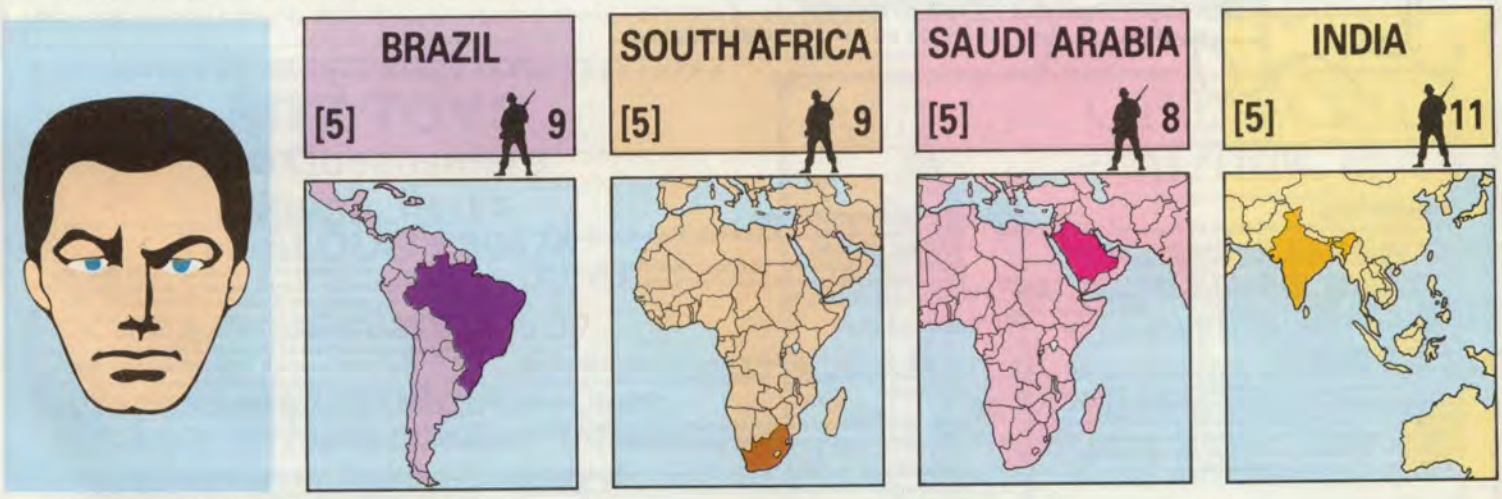
I admit to being a little puzzled being asked to write about *Superpower* for *White Dwarf*, given its bias towards role-playing games. However, I was told that *White Dwarf* used to feature articles about similar games in earlier issues, so I was more than happy to comply with editorial whim in this case. It all began in August 1983, during the *Trivial Pursuit* craze, when Daniel McGregor and myself – eighteen and nineteen respectively, at the time – decided to invent an original boardgame entitled *Foreign Policy*. We had both previously attended one year of university in the Sciences, but had discontinued because the Sciences, however interesting, proved needlessly technical and impersonal for our basically artistic, political temperaments. Today we are both pursuing degrees in Political Science at different universities in Ottawa, Canada, where we live. Presently, I've postponed my studies to invent another game while Daniel is continuing with his degree.

Inventing the game involved research, positive thinking and resourcefulness for there was very little money at our disposal. Since we could not work at regular jobs during the inventing period, our parents agreed to support us provided we work diligently. For myself, this also entailed performing the household tasks of cooking and cleaning! Throughout the development period regular playing sessions were held to iron out bugs. All the time we were secretive – lest someone steal our idea – and serious – we were going to 'make it', and we were important.

One thing became very evident in this period. People constantly undermine and doubt their abilities; to such an extent that they lose sight of their dreams. Often we were told the odds were weighted too heavily against us and that we would never succeed. Most people somehow believe that those who achieve success are special or great. This is false. They are only people who went beyond convention and after their dreams – creativity is the ability to look beyond convention. Positive thinking and the willingness to take risks, and thus learn, are all that is necessary to succeed. If you choose to live in fear, then you should accept whatever you are given. Life is a series of choices and one must choose to succeed if one wishes to succeed.

Given the fact that we planned to produce *Foreign Policy* ourselves, many printing and plastics companies were visited in Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto for price estimates and information on processes involved. Friends and artists helped to complete the master-board and cards. Everything except the plastic pieces was finished to near professional standards – an edge that helped. In the end, however, we realised that producing *Foreign Policy* privately was impractical; a games corporation with greater resources was the next logical step.

To help 'sell' the game it was decided that a newspaper article would help so that companies could be shown the interest in the game and therefore the market potential of the product. Immediately after the interview, radio stations and other newspaper chains approached us to do stories about *Foreign Policy*. But as we did not have a finished product, all further



Choice cards from Superpower.

publicity was stopped. Soon it became clear there would be no licensing agreement in Canada because the business establishment is too conservative and avoids doing anything new or taking any sort of risk. Moreover, most of them are foreign-owned branch plants, leaving management with little decision-making power. The companies told us *Foreign Policy* was too different and that if we had a *Trivial Pursuit*-type game we would instantly have a contract provided, of course, that the game played well. We retorted, to no avail, that *Trivial Pursuit* and all its clones were saturating the market and would soon be passé: *Foreign Policy* represented a new generation of games and the future.

Great Britain, where the game was finally licensed and is now being produced, now came into the picture because of several propitious factors. Firstly, Daniel's father was in the Canadian Armed Forces, enabling him to get Daniel a flight to London for the next to nothing price of five dollars. Secondly, Daniel had a friend in London with whom he could lodge and thus cut costs, for money was always short. And lastly, it was reasoned, Britain offered a suitable environment for our product. Here there was a large population and a public generally politically concerned and interested in world affairs.

The first company to respond was *Games Workshop*, and the response was very positive: 'We would be very interested in evaluating your game with a view to production. . . ' This company was going to buy our game and propel us out of the doldrums! How could we be so sure? Well, because the 'problem' with the game up till then was the subject matter and not its playability, which everybody said was good. Mechanically the game was sound. Only short-sighted people questioned its viability. With *Games Workshop* in agreement with the idea behind *Foreign Policy* it was almost certain we would license the game. As it turned out, Daniel had a playing session, and within hours was discussing contract terms. Finally, a contract was signed, by correspondence, in December 1984.

Games Workshop commenced with numerous playing sessions, including one with members of gaming fandom, and also made a full examination of *Foreign Policy*. Suggestions were made to change various aspects of play, but in the end the rules held up and were not changed at all. Two minor changes, nevertheless, did manage to materialise. The first has to do with the name change to *Superpower*, which, it is logically reasoned, will enable the product to reach a larger audience because it is a more familiar name. The second comprises cosmetic improvements the Production Manager, Albie Fiore, has made. We may add that he has done a wonderful job, and that goes for everyone at *Games Workshop*.

'. . . In the end, however, we realised that producing Foreign Policy *privately was impractical; a games corporation with greater resources was the next logical step.'*

Enough history, however, and on to the game itself. The board represents, in slight abstract form, the four geographical areas of the Third World – Africa, the Middle East, Asia and Latin America. The aim of the players is to acquire influence in the countries of these regions by establishing economic interests, instigating coups d'etat, and carrying out military invasions. After each coup or use of military force, the player must 'pay' for his aggression in the loss of World Opinion cards. These cards are essential to play since they represent the eyes and conscience of the world and act as a barometer of stability. Too few of these cards means that player's actions are destabilising and so he must moderate his expansionist policies to regain more cards. One may prevent the loss of World Opinion cards through the successful use of Propaganda cards: this involves all the players, who play their propaganda either for or against the respective player. Propaganda 'justifies' unethical policies and the player often requires the support of at least another player for his propaganda to be successful or credible.

Comparatively recent events like the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the US invasion of Grenada may serve to demonstrate the effects of World Opinion and Propaganda cards. In both cases, propaganda was used in an attempt to 'make right' aggressive action. Russia was unsuccessful in her propaganda attempt so she lost respectability, and therefore world opinion points. This loss of world opinion created an atmosphere of uncertainty and instability in the world, making it difficult for the Soviet Union to invade another country, even in her own sphere of influence, without severe destabilising effects and the possibility of superpower confrontation. This does not occur in *Superpower* because a player cannot play if he runs out of World Opinion cards.

With America, the propaganda was so successful that Uncle Sam, hardly tainted and losing little world opinion, could have proceeded with another invasion, say, of Nicaragua, before destabilising effects would be so serious that further aggression would be dangerous to world peace. Time heals most wounds and this is all that is needed for the player to regain World Opinion cards and recommence his expansionist programmes. People quickly accept new conditions which soon become old conditions, allowing instability to flourish again.

World Opinion, therefore, acts something like ice added to water about to boil; it cools things down before it is too late. It also lets a superpower know when it is going too far, because no one wants to play a game where everybody loses.

'The first company to respond was Games Workshop, *and that response was very positive. . . This company was going to buy our game and propel us out of the doldrums!'*

Superpower is founded upon, and is a function of the partnership of two usually dichotomous lines of vision, to wit, commercialism and intellectualism. Most games in today's market focus only on the commercial aspect and neglect the creative side. Consequently, they tend to be void of knowledge or integrity and leave the customer feeling empty and cheated shortly after purchase. The average game company seeks only to 'cash in' on 'bandwagon' concepts, knowing that once the customer has the product in his home they have their profit. Flashy covers and 'popular' themes entice the consumer into believing that the product is exciting and satisfying. Unfortunately, after one or two playing sessions the game is completely understood and no longer offers the player any challenge. Understandably, the game is quickly stored and forgotten, the cycle repeating itself again and again. . . .

With *Superpower* this is not so. The product is not only designed to be exciting and stimulating, but also to reach out and inform the public about the plight of the Third World and the realities behind superpower conflict. It represents a condensed, real and accurate view of the internal functions of global politics. *Superpower* demonstrates the illegal, unjust actions and policies performed each day by the world powers. But above all, seriousness aside – it is a game, a game which challenges and teaches, a game in which all members participate and have fun.

Digressing slightly, I would like to mention the influence that Central America exerted on myself, and indirectly, *Superpower*. The conditions there greatly affected me, causing great disillusionment; clearly the US is not interested in democracy for the Third World, but rather in upholding the empire.

The superpower conflict is fundamentally a power struggle, based upon military and economic considerations, and somewhere in all the propaganda, an ideological battle, which it is not. Ideology helps to further deepen the rift between both sides and to trick people into believing this is the reason for the undeclared war. There is no real reason but the fact that both sides are very powerful and want to dominate the world themselves – a natural thing for an empire. This is why we shall never see them co-operating – their outlooks are the same and thus conflicting.

It should also be stated that this does not leave out other culprits, like the French and the British, in the exploitation of the Southern Hemisphere. For the sake of argument it is easier to discuss the prime instigators; those at the top of the pecking order. Furthermore, I do not discount the internal problems exisiting in the Third World countries. Only, it seems that superpowers are the biggest problem.

Superpower is trying to show people, through being a fun, interesting and topical game, that we must always question and re-evaluate ourselves in order to improve. Placing all evil on the backs of others when we have plenty to place on ourselves serves only to polarise opinions and keep things stagnant. □

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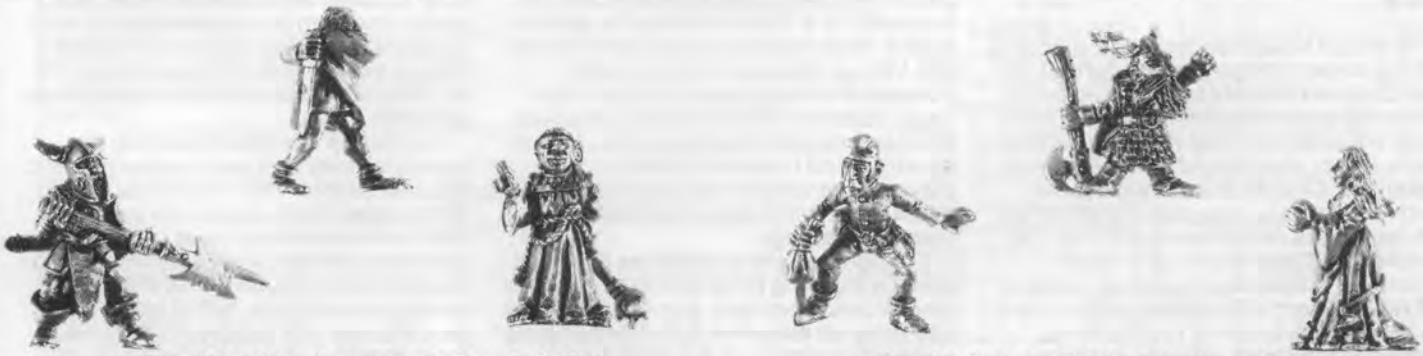

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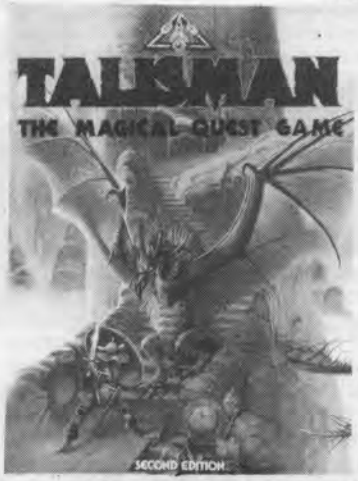

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Role-Playing Game
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The casual bookshop browser, glancing at the covers and paperback format of the *Dragon Warriors* series could be forgiven for assuming them to be yet more solo adventures in the *Fighting Fantasy* vein. (He or she) would be entirely mistaken, for *Dragon Warriors* takes the *ordinary* fantasy role-playing game out of the games department and into the bookshop. Dave Morris and Oliver Johnson (names familiar to all readers of *White Dwarf's RuneRites* column) are breaking new ground, for the three books in the series provide a straightforward, fast-playing and well-thought-out multiplayer game system complete with half a dozen scenarios for a mere £5.25. At this price, no serious gamer can afford not to buy *Dragon Warriors*, even if they are only looking for ideas to adapt!

Many role-playing games can be justly criticised for complicating the rules governing combat to a ridiculous degree, and in *Dragon Warriors*, a conscious effort has been made to produce a streamlined game that relies on a few basic principles consistently applied. Bookkeeping, to keep track of spell effects, for example, can cause problems and *Dragon Warriors* uses an alternative which involves one die rotl. Similarly, combat tables which compare Attack and Defence factors have been abandoned in favour of a simple subtraction that can be carried out in the head. The result is that the players and game master can concentrate more upon the play and less upon the rules.

Having playtested *Dragon Warriors* I ought to say that the combat and magic systems are not, for all their simplicity, arbitrary, inconsistent or unfair (as was certainly the case with some early role-playing games). For me, however, a game stands or falls by its setting or background (and here I should perhaps declare an interest, having had a hand in one of the scenarios in book 2). It does not matter how good a combat system is if the adventures associated with it are badly presented or dull. Dave and Oliver have endeavoured (and to my mind succeeded) to reintroduce a sense of mystery and real fear of the unknown into the game, allowing players to progress beyond statistics or mechanics.

The three books are well-presented, eye-catching, and should appeal to the uninitiated. The more experienced gamer should appreciate the care that has been taken to provide a fast, unrestrained, yet balanced and fair game. You should be hearing a great deal more about *Dragon Warriors* over the next few months, and with very good reason.

Complexity:	6	**Ease of Use:**	8
Production:	8	**Value:**	10
Overall:	9		**Robert Dale**

VIKINGS
RPG Supplement
Avalon Hill £18.95

This is the first of the *RQ3* Alternate Earth supplements; it draws on the historical and legendary sources for the Viking period to provide the setting for a campaign. The choice is a good one: the Viking world is a natural setting for adventurers, often as preoccupied with loot as any Viking; the sources are readily accessible through good modern surveys, translations and novels, of which the Gamesmaster Book provides a good shortlist, and I doubt if there is a role-player in the western world who doesn't know something about the Vikings and Norse mythology.

Though rich, the sources are complex, and it is pleasing to be able to say, as one who knows them well, that Greg Stafford has done an excellent job of developing a coherent picture of a society from them, lucidly presented in the Players Book, with apt quotations. The Icelandic sagas are the major source, so this is more a picture of Vikings at home than abroad, but it explains the social background from which characters will come. The Players Book provides all necessary information for creating a character, also offering a list of names (a note on pronunciation: 'j' is better explained as like 'y' in yes) and nicknames; a table for determining family size, very important in a society where much depends on the family; drinking rules, and a full account of religion, the source of magic. Spirit and divine magic are available, not only through shamans and priests but at annual ceremonies or through direct contact with a god, which is risky but can produce lasting benefits. Typical homestead and ship plans are on the back of a rather sketchy fold-out map centring on the Viking homeland.

The Gamemaster Book mainly provides accounts and statistics for the rich variey of supernatural creatures to be found in Norse legend and folklore. It also includes a map of the Vikings' known world and a summary of Viking history. The map has errors: notably, Dublin and Normandy are misplaced, Galicia misspelt, and the Umayyad Caliphate, which rules most of Spain as noted in the text, omitted. Alas, the book did not receive the Olvir Nitpicker treatment in time, and contains a fair sprinkling of typos, etc.

A separate Viking Digest provides statistics for all levels from Jarl (Earl) to Poor Warrior (some inconsistencies on helmets here); these are to be drawn on for scenario characters, a sensible development, cutting the space spent on personalised stats. One general point: jarls are presented as generally the highest social rank, but in fact kings

abounded in early Scandinavia (especially Norway) and in Viking armies overseas. Kings differ from jarls in that their families claim descent from the gods; any member of such a family with a decent following might call himself a king overseas, and, if closely related to the king, try to claim a share of his power at home.

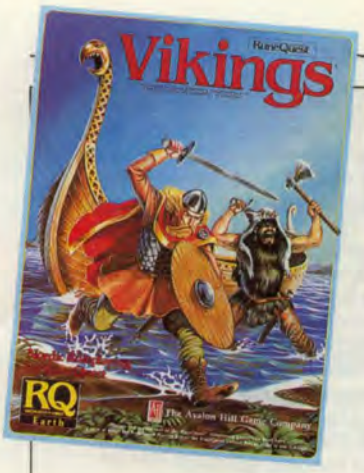
To players used to Glorantha, the scenarios may well seem rather prosaic: a basic monster hunt; activities at the Thing (assembly), especially participation in the notorious court cases; defending the jarl's homestead against raiders; and adventures on Viking and trading expeditions, full of battle and loot, the last and toughest being the most exotic, against wicked wind children and magic. But the scenarios are carefully designed to offer many opportunities for role-playing and are true to the spirit of the period. Those who like a semi-mythical atmosphere will prefer the pre-Viking age of the Volsungs, Beowulf, and others, for which the sources are also quite rich. GMs may be interested to know that occasional treasures from this era, such as Hrolf Kraki's sword Skofnung, were 'recycled' in the Viking period through tomb-robbery, which was not always frowned upon.

This pack need not interest Viking-lovers only. The society described can provide many analogies for other *RQ* 'barbarian' societies, the special means for acquiring magic might interest many players, and the scenarios are easily adaptable. Overall, this is a promising start, offering reasonable value for money.

Production:	7	**Skill:**	7
Usefulness:	8	**Value:**	7
Overall:	8		**Oliver Dickinson**

NIGHTMARE IN NORWAY
Role-Playing Scenario
Games Workshop £2.95

Hmm, I can see a lot of the attraction of this *Call of Cthulhu* scenario being in the fun you can have doing silly Norwegian accents. Also probably the greatest problem that the players will face is their total inability to communicate with the locals. How many Investigators do you know with a Speak Norwegian skill? You also need to be able to ski, drive a sleigh and so on. Fortunately, details of all of the snow-related skills with default values for novices have been provided. As with all of *Workshop's Cthulhu* material, these have been approved by *Chaosium*



OPEN BO

and can be regarded as 'official' rules additions by those of you who find such things important.

But what about the plot? As far as continuing story goes there isn't much. What the author, Marcus Rowland, has done is create a classic detective story setting in which the who that dunnit may be better left undisturbed. Players are then left to investigate. Well actually it isn't quite that easy. As far as the Investigators' objectives go, who did the murder is almost a red herring. It is the human crook who has turned it to advantage that you are after. And that isn't the only blind alley you get led up either; the collection of sub-plots involving the various characters is in true Agatha Christie tradition. It's all very devious.

If I have any complaint it is that the scenario is too short. I feel that much more could have been made of the various sub-plots and an enterprising GM could still do so. Marcus was, of course, restricted by the size of a *Monthly Module* but his attention to detail is occasionally obsessive and I would have thought that detail is easier for a GM to make up on the spot than plot.

Presentation is as per *Trail of the Loathsome Slime* but with the advantage of a cover by the very wonderful Lee Gibbons. Overall well worth it if you think your players can handle Norway.

Complexity:	8	**Value:**	8
Ease of Use:	7	**Skill:**	8
Production:	7	**Overall:**	8

Pete Tamlyn

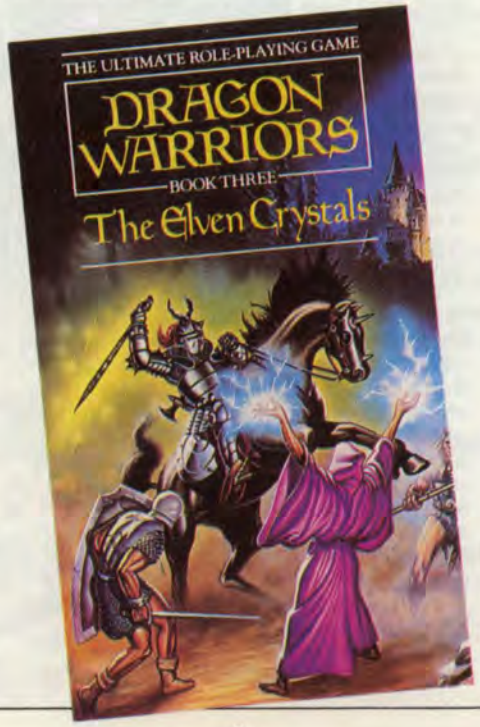
ORIENTAL ADVENTURES
RPG Supplement
TSR **£10.95**

Sourcebook often implies something too limp to be a set of rules or a proper scenario pack. Whatever *TSR* might like to claim, *Oriental Adventures* is not a sourcebook, it's a completely new version of *AD&D*. The old stand-bys of the *AD&D* system are still in the rules, but the elements have been intelligently modified to produce something that is far greater than the sum of its parts.

The rules have been written with a lot of care and attention to detail. *Oriental Adventures* is still part of *AD&D*, but a game played by these rules is likely to be very different indeed. Even flipping through the rules produces this impression. Gold, for example, is worth only what you can sell it for. Most money is coinage and paper notes which are completely worthless outside the lands of Kara-Tur, the background world included as part of the book. Armour can be bought as pieces, rather than as 'platemail' – and who could resist a set of rules that includes 'The armour does not cover the backside at all . . . '?

Rules for 10 character classes are provided, along with three non-human races. Some have been seen before: the monk and barbarian, for example, have been altered to fit into an Eastern pattern. The monk is at last in the proper context, and the barbarian is primarily a steppes warrior, or a forest and jungle dweller. The ninja is a class that everybody has had a go at designing. The 'official' version is the most satisfactory yet. It is not a whole character class, but a split class available only with one of the other new classes, and weaker than you might suppose, with fewer hit points, skill restrictions and the possibility that the whole ninja clan might hunt you down if you fail in your appointed mission . . .

All the character classes have a twist to them which makes them interesting, different and worth having a go at playing. Kensai, for example, seek to perfect their weapons technique to the exclusion of all else. They are deadly in combat, but cannot use magical weaponry because it detracts from the appreciation of their skill! Wu-jen, the magic-users, must obey their personal taboos or lose all spell powers. Shukenja, the clerics, are penalised if they slay too freely . . . *OA* character classes are as restrictive as any others in *AD&D*, but the 'feel' is much more acceptable thanks to the Eastern background.



The new character races are a bit different too. Gone are the ranks of multi-classed non-human characters. Non-humans are generally more restricted than their fully human counterparts, and about time too. Korobokuru are the *OA* equivalent of dwarfs, but without the bad-tempered greed. Hengeyokai are shapechangers, intelligent animals who can assume human form, while spirit folk are apparently human, but are 'proper' elves in a sense. Their lifeforce is tied to a particular location, and they die if it is damaged or destroyed.

The skill system that has been grafted into the rules is a sensible extension of the character rules, and should be extended to cover the whole system, not just this Eastern supplement, as it was needed to bring *AD&D* closer to what has become 'state of the art' over the last couple of years. Without changing character classes, the concept of 'proficiency slots' extends the idea of weapon proficiencies into more peaceful arts, and provides a simple, workable skill system. Once a character is proficient in a skill such as Noh Theatre, for example, it can be used automatically in most cases, but a die roll is needed in critical situations.

The Honour system is also a good touch. This will be an awful shock to the chaotic evil player. Fail to behave in a correct fashion, or uphold the family name, and honour points are lost. Eventually the character sheet is simply thrown away – the *AD&D* equivalent of seppuku. Personal honour is also reflected in the honour of the family, and characters must bear this in mind.

Karate and other real-world martial arts styles are covered in some detail, but the real strength of this new unarmed combat system is that it allows the DM to construct any number of new martial arts styles and techniques. Distinct styles are built up by choosing from a range of menu options, which in turn define the damage done, armour class and special abilities of a particular style.

There are nice touches throughout the rules, from 'kiai' shouts on entering combat, to outstaring an opponent and defeating him without even drawing a weapon. The new hardware – spells, monsters and treasure – is solid and workmanlike. The inclusion of a long background section on the lands of Kara-Tur is simply a bonus, the standard maps of a daimyo's hall, a temple and

houses are particularly welcome.

Comparisons with *Bushido* are inevitable, and *Oriental Adventures* does not suffer at all as a result. There are similarities, but this is as a result of the situation that both sets of rules are trying to cover. *Oriental Adventures* is probably a better choice as a game system, if only because it does not require an ability to remember Japanese names, and it is likely to receive more support in terms of adventures and background material.

The rules of *Oriental Adventures* are distinct from the 'Western' ones of previous books, but this doesn't mean that they should be added straight into an existing campaign. This could ruin a current campaign, and devalue what is presented here. *Oriental Adventures* deserves to stand alone as a complete subgame of the overall *AD&D* rules. By remaining compatible with the rest of *AD&D*, Dave Cook has written an excellent set of rules which should be very popular. *Oriental Adventures* has even persuaded me to start playing *AD&D* again.

Production:	7	**Usefulness:**	8
Ease of Use:	9	**Value:**	7
Overall:	9		

Ashley Shepherd

THE PENDRAGON CAMPAIGN
RPG Supplement
Chaosium **£10.95**

This is the first supplement for the *Pendragon* game recently issued by *Chaosium*. Unfortunately, it is not really a supplement, more a straight piece of the game, and it is very naughty of *Chaosium* to issue it separately and still charge so much for each. Many passages from the GM's book in *Pendragon* are repeated exactly in *TPC* and I would think that the GM's book was probably a late idea from some bright spark in the Marketing Department. However, this does not detract from the quality of either the game or the 'supplement'.

The Pendragon Campaign fulfills its promise of detailing the Arthurian campaign, the legend and the tragedy in all its epic proportions. Here are the characters and the countries detailed by the ancient chroniclers and portrayed on the colourful map that comes with the game. Here also are additional rules and guidelines on how to run not just the campaign but individual sessions, hints that should really have been included in the game.

The supplement is laid out in the same way as the rulebooks: the main text has a column at the side containing glosses, comments on the rules, examples of rules in use, and details of the many Kingdoms of the British Isles (and France) extant in Arthur's time. There are amplifications on the magic 'system' (not available to players), new beasts and monsters to fight, travel and random encounters (a slightly poor section), and a wealth of details of the dramatis personae and historical figures, protagonists and antagonists. Details of events that can happen each year are given (battles, kings, plots, kidnappings, quests, adventures), so that each session can have a realistic backdrop for the characters to work with or against as they see fit. This section is most useful for tired or uninspired game masters, naturally. All these facets of the legend are handled with great erudition and occasionally humorous jabs by Greg Stafford, who makes it all come alive: 'To prove that it is not always shameful to ride in a cart, Sir Lancelot set off for a year of adventures without a horse, only a cart. . . I guess he wouldn't joust too much, though.'

However, through all this, at no time does the author insist that the storyline as laid down by Malory and in the Vulgate is sacrosanct. There are options given for different characters: perhaps Lancelot and Gwynhfwr stay chaste and never consummate their love, leaving Arthur's court and the Round Table strong enough to defeat the treacherous Mordred. Perhaps, perhaps. . . A thousand things can be altered to suit your own preferred direction to the campaign whilst all the time adhering to the general sweep of the story towards an ultimate tragedy and the twilight of the age of chivalry: but even this can be altered and nothing is certain, so players with only a little knowledge can be as assured as those who have consumed every last volume of the genre.

The campaign booklet also contains some ideas on starting scenarios and details one at length. Although I have not had occasion to use it yet, it seems to hold everything that a good scenario should, and will demonstrate the game very neatly to the players. The *TPC* on the whole is a very good production, and an essential addition to *Pendragon*.

Usefulness:	10	**Skill:**	7
Ease of Use:	9	**Value:**	6
Production:	9	**Overall:**	9

Graham Staplehurst

THE OUTCASTS **£6.95**
TERMINATION 1456 **£6.95**
RPG Scenarios
FASA

At long last, *FASA* have released something that lives up to the high standard of the *Star Trek* main rules. The strength of those rules is that above and beyond their basic playability, the system has the right basic assumptions to effectively simulate the *Star Trek* universe, thus helping the GM create the right atmosphere. Likewise, these scenarios evoke the flavour of the same universe, which is no mean feat considering that they are both somewhat non-standard adventures.

Outcasts is basically an espionage mission involving a renegade Romulan. The plot works equally well for Star Fleet officers and civilian adventurers and there are notes in the text covering changes for the latter where needed. As usual the adventure is broken down into a series of scenes (fifteen in all) occurring more or less sequentially as the story unravels (although some scenes simply describe areas and can be returned to whenever the character wish, others are events which the GM introduces when the time is right). There are three scenes, including the last, which contain combat and these punctuate nicely the shady dealings and detective work that make up the bulk of the playing time. Also included is a very useful section of GM's notes with hints on play and some 'Signpost Encounters' (This Way To The Plot) some of which are rather heavy-handed unless the GM devises lots of insignificant encounters to intersperse with the real clues. If you have got the time to expand the adventure in this way, the Signposts are good little scenes in themselves. Rather than giving players clues on a plate simply because they are stuck, making them work for every inch makes for a more satisfying, and longer, game.

Termination is an adventure for Klingon characters, set entirely in Klingon space. The players are sent an order to assassinate a Thought Admiral suspected of treachery against the Emperor. Exactly how they set about this tasks, or indeed whether they attempt to kill or join the Admiral, is entirely up to the players. So this is very different from the approach of other *Star Trek* adventures, containing no scenes as such, but rather a plethora of details about the organisation of the forces the Admiral and his staff command, the motives and plans of the Admiral and so on; hopefully enabling the GM to react appropriately to whatever the players try. This is quite the most free-form adventure I have seen presented commercially and at first sight is a daunting prospect to run. Whether you get a good game out of this or not depends ultimately upon not only the competence of the GM but also upon the imagination and audacity of the players, who really create the story themselves. However, the basic plot is believable and interesting and this, together with the pre-rolled Klingon player characters' personality profiles, forms a firm foundation to build upon.

Both adventures refer their owner to the *FASA* supplement for the alien race involved, but neither supplement is necessary. *Outcasts* is perfectly playable so long as players and GM have seen Romulans on the television and since *Termination* includes pre-rolled characters and ship plans the same applies. *Termination* includes so many details, such as statistics, for vehicles, troopship, commandship and warpshuttle and deck plans of warpshuttle, that it's really a supplement to the disappointing *Klingon* supplement in itself.

Unfortunately, and by pure accident I am sure, both plots contain the same important device, rendering it very difficult to run both adventures with the same group of players.

For the remarkably high overall marks below I have chosen to ignore the ridiculous prices of these adventures in order to emphasise the quality of the plots; the touch of melodrama in *Outcasts* and the encouragement to backstab and bicker in *Termination* are perfectly faithful to the essence of *Star Trek*.

	Outcasts	**Termination**
Complexity:	6	9
Production:	9	8
Skill:	7	9
Value:	6	5
Overall:	10	10

John Grandidge

Critical Mass *is a regular fantasy and science fiction book review column, written by Dave Langford.*

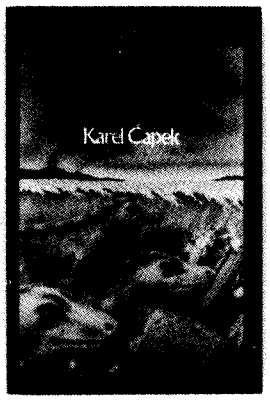
Newts That Never Were

Daily your reviewer is forced into contact with frightful manifestations from the bottomless pits of creation: publishers. Publishers love confusing mating rituals – in 1984 *Sphere* were taken over by *Penguin*, *Hutchinson* (ie *Arrow/Hamlyn*) by *Century*, and *Granada* by *Collins*, explaining why *Granada* books now appear as *Grafton* books. 'Same initial, same number of letters,' shrugged SF editor Nick Austin. Another strange practice of *Granada* – dammit, *Grafton* – is to deface review copies with huge stickers saying A PAPERBACK ORIGINAL. This is why pictures of their books rarely appear on this page. . . .

One false PAPERBACK ORIGINAL is Jack Vance's *Planet of Adventure* [*Grafton* 536pp £3.95], which appeared here in four volumes *circa* 1975 from *Mayflower* (*Granada* again). This is the 'Tschai' quartet, beloved by British fans for the title of volume two, *Servants of the Wankh*. The narrative is a near-triumph of ironic, exotic style over routinely grotty space-operatic plot: Adam Reith, stranded star scout, fights and tricks his way across planet Tschai, populated by numerous enslaved/adapted human tribes and four species of inimical aliens with racial subdivisions of their own. Ho hum. The good stuff lies in Tschai's rich scents and colours, and in elaboration of style. No Vance villain would say, 'I'll get you for that.' Instead: 'Low-grade assassins will drown you in cattle excrement! Twenty pariahs will drub your corpse! A cur will drag your head along the street by the tongue!'

Ordinary conversation in Vance-land is similarly ornate. "'In what way could gibbeted corpses be consecrated to the estimable Matrons?' 'By providing fodder for the Matrons' newt farms.'" Actually this isn't Vance but Michael Shea, who (with permission) does an amazing job of pastiche in *A Quest for Simbilis* [*Grafton* 204pp £1.95]. *The Eyes of the Overworld* now has two immediate sequels, this and Vance's *Cugel's Saga*. Vance can be relied on for unwavering polish, but tends to recycle old plot elements; Shea, though more rough-hewn, adds innovations plus a touch of true, murky hellfire from an imagination fuelled by Hieronymus Bosch. Since Vance was indirectly responsible for the whole *D&D* magic system, players who fail to buy these books will drop to the charisma and street credibility of a newt. 'It is their diet of sacred newts which enables the Matrons to achieve the massive solidity essential to their religious progress. . . .'

The funny coincidence department gives us: 'In this way we consumed a Newt we used to call Hans; it was an educated and clever animal with a special talent for scientific work . . . it could be trusted with the most exacting chemical analyses. We used to have long chats with it in the evenings, amused by its insatiable thirst for knowledge. We were sorry to lose our Hans but he had lost his sight in the course of my trepanation experiments. . . .' Thus Karel Capek's 1936 *War with the Newts*, now a welcome reissue [*Unicorn* 241pp £2.95]. Capek's sophisticated wit converts what could be a plodding satire into something painfully funny. Discovered, given the benefits of Science (as above), bred



and exploited, the man-sized Newts absorb the logic of humanity and shyly make their demands: 'Hello, you people! No need for alarm. We have no hostile intentions. . . We only need more water, more shallows to live in. . . That's why we have to dismantle your continents.' A classic.

Newts are scarce in the hefty, impressive *Encyclopaedia of Things That Never Were* by Michael Page and Robert Ingpen [*Paper Tiger* 240pp £15.95]. Encyclopaedia is the wrong word: the huge pages offer an idiosyncratic collection of whatever myths and magic Page wanted to write about or Ingpen to paint. The artwork is triffic (I hadn't realized the goddess Venus looked so much like Princess Diana); the writing is sometimes tiresome in its paraphrase of well-known myths and fictions. Wisely, this book sticks to 'assimilated' fantasies, images which have long wormed their way into the English culture: Bunyan, Carroll, Coleridge, Melville, Poe, Shelley, Stevenson, etc. Tolkien and his plagiarists are omitted; Kenneth Grahame just sneaks in, as does Anthony Hope: 'It is now the Democratic Republic of Ruritania, and Zenda is a missile base and the local headquarters of the KGB.' Good marks for production and eclecticism beyond the usual European and Greek myths: but at £15.95 there'd have to be a really yawning space on your coffee table.

The Glamour by Christopher Priest [*Abacus* 214pp £2.95] is true to its own weird self: not only do passages shift their meaning in the light of later revelation, but the book itself has changed. Its ending is no longer that of the hardback. . . . It remains (a) SF's best treatment of invisibility; (b) not an SF novel.

Molly Zero [*Penguin* 251pp £2.50] is the latest paperback novel from Keith Roberts, which should be recommendation enough. In Britain 200 years hence, he offers dystopia with a difference: a tattered, functioning society with no blatant nightmare of oppression but a worrying feel of control. Molly Zero 'escapes' a training school for the remote ruling class, and tastes life in the North, on the road, in London (where the rich are called 'chicos' – work it out). People muddle along as ever, but Roberts is expert with disquieting touches like the wire fence that always lies between you and the sea. There are no real villains. The ruling 'Elite' is sympathetic in its way, struggling with the paradox of allowing freedom while maintaining stability. Roberts' simple and human story leaves you to decide whether the price of compromise (which includes all Molly's innocence) is too great.

No such subtlety from Piers Anthony! *Politician* [*Granada* – it says here – 398pp £2.50] is volume 3 of space tyrant Hope Hubris' career, and admittedly lacks previous books' over-the-top silliness. Hubris enters Jovian (American) politics on a platform of Hispanic (Hispanic) minority interests, solves the red-hot problem of communist Ganymede (Cuba), negotiates with Saturn (USSR) over a shot-down civilian spaceship, while remaining aware of the clout of Mars (the Middle East) and totally ignoring Uranus (Europe), preparatory to contesting the presidency of Jupiter, held by a corrupt machine politician called Tocsin (h'mm). . . . Anthony, in other words, is handing out personal political solutions to contemporary matters, which is wearying since you're constantly translating back into twentieth-century terms. His heart's in the right place, but the ending is a cop-out, with the constitution being set aside owing to Hubris' immense popular support. Oh yeah?

Modern Science Fiction and the American Literary Community by Frederick Andrew Lerner [*Scarecrow Press* dist *Bailey Bros & Swinfen* 325pp £26.00] is one of those extraordinary US academic productions with 169pp of notes, appendices and index: it assembles endless bitty quotes and paraphrases of what people have said about SF, and reads like newts (I mean notes) for an evaluative study which, unlike this, might reach some actual conclusions.

Methuen have paused their programme of dreary new Clifford Simak books to reissue two older goodies, works that shaped my own love of SF: *Time and Again* and *All Flesh is Grass* [both 255pp £2.50]. Bob Shaw's *Fire Pattern* [*Grafton* 208pp £1.95] tries to combine two taut action-adventures, one about spontaneous human combustion and one about telepathic aliens on Mercury: pity it wasn't two books. And Thomas F Monteleone's *Microworlds* [*Hamlyn* 175pp £2.50], though more adventurous and interesting than *Penguin's* rival computer-SF anthology (crippled by a surfeit of Asimov stories), has the disadvantage of not appearing first.

Speaking of newts, I'd better stop while the pubs are still open. . . . □

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PSS 452 STONEY STANTON ROAD COVENTRY CV4 5DG

Considerable numbers of letters flooded into the White Dwarf *offices this month. Was it a response to the desperate pleas for more letters? Had some great event occurred in the rolegaming world? Perhaps even the articles had solicited more comment than usual? No, none of these minor things; what had happened was of a far more serious nature . . .*

Andy Davice, Sutton Coldfield: You fiends! What have you done to him?

Hugh Callings, Portsmouth: You gravy-sucking pigs. . .

Andrew Horne, Wallington: You've gone and screwed up again, haven't you?

Perchance we have done something wrong?

Nigel Espley, Kingswinford: Whoever it was that managed to eliminate *Gobbledigook* from the pages of *WD72* does not deserve to die cleanly; how dare he replace such a fine feature with a mere advert? Is *White Dwarf* being infiltrated by fiendish saboteurs?

Funny you should mention that. . .

Graham Stokhuyzen, Rugby: I eagerly turned to that page, only to be faced by an advert for . . . *MERP*!

Ah yes, the bitter irony of Gook, champion of goblinkind, gourmand and paragon of eloquence being replaced by an advert for a game loaded with cute, cuddly hobbits. The staff were in fits!

But seriously, Gook fans, it won't happen again . . . unless the saboteurs get into the building again.

D Green, Northants: I open the gloriously nostalgic and softly pornographic cover of *WD70*, and what do I find? Feminism, no less! Alas the day, for Comrade S A Carbery (Miss) of Stourbridge has ruthlessly exposed the (heretofore unknown) existence of *White Dwarf* as a nudie mag for the under 12s. No more will evil, vile sadistic perverts such as Ian Livingstone and his rubber-clad minions be able to exert their vile influence upon unsuspecting innocent little boys.

You cannot be serious, can you?

D Green: Seriously, though, (*Aha! I thought as much. –Ed*) in relation to sexism in role-playing games, what is Miss Carbery speaking about? With the exception of *AD&D*, which is after all notorious for its inflexibility, most games nowadays bend over backwards to assist the female player.

Paul Holmes, The Peak, Hong Kong: If you want the authentic medieval atmosphere, you can't have liberated women rushing around as adventurers. Why not encourage women to play male characters? Is that really harder for an intelligent twentieth century woman than it is for a human to play an elf or a dwarf? After all, the game world isn't a world most of us would choose to live in.

Jez Keen, Oxford: The main reason I am writing is to express my disgust at the cover of *WD72*. The female depicted is (a) fully clothed, (b) holding a weapon (thus implying she actually has a useful role to play in the group), and (c) depicted as protecting the rest of the group. Come on, surely you haven't come all this way to let standards slip after 72 issues? Just think of the thousands of people in your readership, who, like Dave Dickens, will have rushed up to their bedrooms with their latest *WD* expecting to feast their eyes on yet another classic image of female subjugation and incitement to rape, only to find that this Lee Gibbons person has chosen to demonstrate artistic ability, not expansion and revelation of various parts of the female form.

Dave Morris, London: I agree that more women should join in the hobby, but the usual problem is that if you're running a medieval campaign – I mean a supposedly serious one – and you have female warriors in it, then you're having to make a compromise that damages your game-reality. Personally when running games in a medieval setting (such as *Dragon Warriors*) I try to persuade female players to be sorceresses, mystics or assassins – roles which don't strain the world's credibility. The rules allow for lady warriors because such a game would not be complete if it did not allow the *choice*.

D Green: *White Dwarf* is one of the last great bastions of filth and pornography in our society, and as for feminists 'getting their own back', they seem to have been doing that quite systematically in this country since 1928, and it is high time the rest of humanity 'got their own back' back. Still, we must pity Miss Carbery – she has a difficult job ahead of her. You try getting a bronze brassiere to burn.

Andrew Hill, Farnham: I totally disagree with your thoughts about *Imagine's* coverage of the fanzine hobby. Personally I thought their fanzine report was pretty nifty, and your reply to Pete Thompson's letter sounds more like a cop-out to me than anything else.

Mark Ryan, Milford-on-Sea: I would like to see the return of the zine section you originally tried, or at least some reincarnation of it. I think the gaming public need to know more about zines as they are an excellent part of the hobby.

Steve Gilham, Stevenage: Fanzines are boring, boring, boring. Either they are monster and magic items shopping lists (*SEWARS*) or mutual ego-fondling between the self-chosen hobby elite (*Acolyte, DragonLords* RIP) in which the actual topic of playing rolegames appears almost as an afterthought. *White Dwarf* small ads provide opportunities for the curious to explore them.

Alex Richardson, Baldock: The prozines need the fanzines and vice versa, if only because it gives them something to rant about.

Excuse my mirth.

Alex: In ignoring zines, *WD* is turning its back on its heritage. Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone both contributed to *Albion* (Don Turnbull wrote and told me), Paul Mason edits *Imazine*, and you Ian, most of all, were involved in one of the best fanzines of all time (simper).

Which therefore allows us to judge the case from two points of view, no? Paul no longer edits Imazine, *in fact, due to something called 'contractual obligations'. . . .*

Tim Ellis, Sutton Coldfield: The amount of coverage given by *WD* to fanzines in its 72 issues is pitifully small, and to say that *WD* has *tried* covering fanzines is stretching the meaning of the word to the limits – I would guess that more words have been printed in the personal ads concerning fanzines, than articles appeared. Furthermore, how long has *White Dwarf* been concerned about concepts like 'fair treatment to each one'?

There is no need for *WD* to carry a monthly review of every fanzine published – why not a quarterly column mentioning some of the best and/or most popular? This would elicit cries of 'unfair' and 'elitist' from all the other editors, but I'm sure this would be nothing new to you.

Mark Rogers, Retford: The new letters page using the 'Barry Took' approach gives more brevity of view and is more entertaining than previously, but depth of view might well be suffering. The entertainment should be in the letter itself.

Alex Tingle, Wolverhampton: Generic scenarios? Forget it! Mark Stansfield and Paul Harcourt seem to want you to take a step backwards. There are plenty

of generic scenarios around: we call them books, films and comics. All of these media offer much more detailed scenarios than a magazine such as *White Dwarf* has space for, and at much less cost.

It takes little imagination to convert a suitable book into a scenario. What it does take is time. It takes less time, of course, to convert a generic scenario, but is this saving worth the money? Surely what we pay for when we buy an adventure module, or a copy of *WD*, is the time spent by the author of the scenario working out the details?

Tim Ellis: I dislike generic scenarios for the reasons you state – they are often scenarios for one game with the words changed and stats removed. The result is that not only do the 'minority' system users have to change things to fit the system, but so does everyone else. One of the prime functions of a scenario is that a GM with knowledge of the rules can run it with a minimum amount of work: those who want to use a different system are going to have to work anyway, defining monsters, magic, treasure, etc.

Anyone who just wants a game of 'whatever', either because they don't have the time or experience to evolve campaigns, or because the regular GM can't turn up, should also be catered for. Scenarios should therefore be written in a system, or preferably more than one, since it will make them easier to convert.

Andy Swan, Dublin: Instead of three or four lots of statistics, each relevant to the game, a lot more could be achieved if the scenario information content is increased.

Mark Rogers: Obviously the amount of games on the market has increased many times within three years, but to expect to be able to print scenarios for each individual system is pure folly. So called 'multi-system' dungeons are no way out because a multi-system must use another system as a base. This is because it is virtually impossible to describe a monster, eg 'a strong orc'; strong by whose standards?

Tim Ellis: By the way, I thought the letters page ed was one Ian Marsh, who once said that there was no basic difference between *AD&D* fantasy and *RQ* fantasy, and that anyone who disagreed should do something fairly unpleasant to themselves.

The motto *here is never write for fanzines – all that ever happens is that your words are thrown back at you many years later. However, I would still maintain that there is little difference between one fantasy system and another in what they set out to achieve: what makes each one unique is its background.* RuneQuest *demonstrates this quite neatly with its* Viking *source pack – a setting which is easily recreated using the* AD&D *rules. And you can quite easily go out killing monsters no matter what system you use. . . .*

Matt Lawrence, Minehead: I find myself needing to ask a question: why has *WD* thrown itself wholeheartedly into the idea that everyone is bored with hack and slay? I, and the rest of the maniacs that dungeon-bash on Sunday afternoons, revel in it. I must admit though, with *AD&D* we did get slightly peeved. But then when the smoke cleared, *Middle-earth* appeared. . . .

Marcus Hill, Preston: I'd like to add my voice to the throng objecting to George Stepanek's letter. I am myself a 'younger player', but I play many different games. I have designed a campaign world, and have a 23rd level MU and a 33rd level cleric, which should be (I think) considered adequate achievement even by 'older players'.

I would also like to comment on the 'high' level adventure in *WD73, The Necklace of Brisingamen*. I consider 7-10 levels as being low to middling. I think you should print, at least once a year, a real high-level adventure (levels 15+).

Carol Lockner, Norwalk, California: I am very upset and angry at some of the tones your articles and letters take. In *WD71*, Graham Morton dumps the blame on Americans for his beloved *Imagine* shutting down. As if we voted to shut it down! I truly apologise.

Also, Marcus Rowland stereotypes Americans as self-serving creatures in his review of *Twilight 2000*. Quote: 'This game has been written for and by Americans, with little or no understanding of European attitudes.' WAKE UP! Why should we (Americans) take the blame for *Twilight 2000*? As far as I know, the majority of Americans didn't create the game. And it does not express (necessarily) our views. Let's not bring international bigotry into role-playing games. We have feelings too.

Richard Hayter, Gosport: Role-players really must stop this inter-game bickering. We must learn that every game has its drawbacks (and although I am a staunch defender of *AD&D*, I am not ashamed to admit that it has its problems), but every game also has its merits. I, personally, do not like *RuneQuest's* combat system, but many people do, and that's fine. We have all chosen the games we want to play, so let's get on with it without knocking people who've chosen others.

Richard Edwards, London: I read with interest Pete Tamlyn's discourse on the creation of player characters, *Origin of the PCs*. (Horrid pun, by the way, it took a couple of days before it hit me.) I thought it was a well-thought-out analysis of what is, after all, the most central part of a role-playing game. I'm from the design school myself, but I agree that there should be a quicker generation system for one-offs and beginners, although my non-player characters usually get by with a name and enough stats to deal with any combat they may get involved in. I feel that a NPC should do what I want them to do without being constrained by the rules.

Steve Gilham: A possible solution to the complexity of a character-design system is to use the games master as a user-interface. The player describes the character they want to the GM, who then does the number-crunching. That way characters can be balanced out as necessary for the campaign – given enough skills, armour, and not too much killing power. This approach has worked well for me when I started playing *Champions*.

The main drawback to this approach is that the GM does have to have a thorough knowledge of the system, and that there will have to be a pre-play session just to establish the characters.

Dan 'Dare' Coombs, Pershore: WOWEE! Ol' Pete Tamlyn hit that nail right on the head with *Origin of the PCs*! What a great article; the sort of interesting read that applies to all games and is damn useful as well.

Neil Smith, Childer Thornton: Have you ever played live-action role-playing? If you have, then how is it that you (*White Dwarf*) refused to support this area of adventuring anyway?

Alan Johns, Nailsworth: Someone once said that a grudge held for too long destroys the soul. Well I think *White Dwarf* and its editorial staff are definitely in need of a cleric. Almost every issue for the past six months, letters and articles have appeared knocking real-time role-playing. I realise that the financial collapse of *Treasure Trap* was embarrassing to *White Dwarf*, but what happened at *Treasure Trap* should not mean all live role-playing should be damned.

Why should WD *feel remotely embarrased about the collapse of* Treasure Trap?

Alan Johns: *Treasure Trap* as it was is now part of the past, and *White Dwarf* should accept this. A lot of us real-time players are now attempting to start other organisations – organisations with better administration and solid financial backing. Stop putting down real-time role-playing. Instead, do what you're best at – promoting all forms of role-playing for the enjoyment of people in general.

It wasn't only TT's *behaviour that has influenced attitudes about live role-playing, incidentally. Public profile is all-important in this hobby. . . .*

Saarine, The Unheard Of, Brampton: On the evening of Tuesday 3rd December, my sister was watching that goblin's bile *Tucker's Luck*. I was painting my *AD&D* druid, when my sister screams: 'Liz, come quick! It's *D&D* on the telly!'

I rushed to investigate and was amazed! *D&D* was portrayed as snobby, set pattern, and (wait for it) BORING!!!

And there's me, a not-so-square, homely elf, not a care in the world, and there on TV is a ridicule of role-playing. BBC, how could you?

The Barry Took of role-playing I may be, but I have no influence at the Beeb! And finally . . .

Mike Hamann, Cold Spring, Minnesota: Boy is it cold here!

Weather reports as well! Who says we don't try to be different each issue?

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Terror at Trollmarsh

An AD&D Adventure for 4th-5th Level Characters, by Peter and Janet Vialls.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

While resting in an inn after your previous job, a messenger from the village of Trollmarsh approaches you. Apparently a monster is inhabiting the passages under the manor-house, killing the servants, and it needs dealing with. Upon completion of the task you will be paid a princely sum.

Accepting the task, you journey the short distance to Trollmarsh, and cross a wooden bridge to get to the barony. As you leave the bridge, though, there is a crash behind you: looking back, you see the bridge collapse behind you. [Sharp-eyed individuals may notice, on the far bank, a peasant hurrying away]. Ahead stands the brooding, squat stone form of the manor-house . . .

DM'S BACKGROUND

Almost a hundred years ago the brave paladin Lord Uther Torgrim the First destroyed the evil vampire Gallowfire. Unfortunately Gallowfire's lover, the penanggalan Alicia, survived, and swore vengeance on Uther and his line. Now, her plots are nearing fruition, for her aim is the return of Gallowfire to unlife. She has his dark soul captured within a gem, and now plans to convert Uther's great great grandson into a new vampiric body for Gallowfire to occupy. At the same time, she aims to erase the line of Torgrim from the land.

While the penaggalan plans, though, other matters are afoot at the barony. One cold cavern under the manor is being used by a coven of worshippers of Maloth, the god of Darkness and Evil. Although they have planned many evil acts, they have achieved little until recently.

While exploring the corridors one night, however, the coven leader Korrik disturbed an owlbear that had made its lair in a cavern. Pursued by it, he panicked and caved in the tunnel that led out into the open. Unable to get out, the monster ventured into the tunnels that were still in use, and is now stealing servants for food. The presence of an unknown, powerful monster in the dark tunnels is terrifying the house, but there seem to be none capable of dealing with it. Dogbry, Captain of the Guards, led his troops to search the corridors for the creature, but it slew five men, and drove the others before it. Now the soldiers fear to enter the corridors, and will not venture in again – Dogbry faces mutiny should he try to drive them down there.

The coven, realising that anyone disappearing will be assumed victims of the monster, have taken advantage of this to steal a couple of serving girls, who have since been used as human sacrifices.

Within the house, there are other plans afoot. Dr Halvinstrom, the tutor of the eldest son, Dane, has unconventional political views. He has decided to carry out an experiment to see if they will work, and to this end has indoctrinated Dane with his ideas. He hopes that when Dane comes to power upon Uther's death he will attempt to try them out. However, now this has become apparent, other members of the family are dubious. Katherine, Dane's sister, feels that if Dane becomes baron he will destroy the barony: she cares about the people, and is trying to arrange that Dane be replaced as baron by his illegitimate younger brother, Thorn. To this end she is proclaiming that Dane, as the future Baron, should deal with the monster. She rightly expects Dane to refuse, and hopes that this 'cowardice' will be sufficient to force him to renounce his claim to be baron in Thorn's favour. Thorn knows nothing of this. In an attempt to ensure this does not happen, Dr Halvinstrom has persuaded Dane to send for a party of professional monster-killers. Hence the party has been summoned by a messenger from the village on behalf of the baron to deal with a monster. When the party arrives, though, no one will admit having sent for them – it will be up to the party to prevent the baron having them either thrown out or arrested for lying. Also, as they arrive Alicia (posing as Helena) will begin her plans to destroy the barony with her first killing. Simultaneously, a villager in her pay will destroy the bridge leading across the marshy river to the barony, isolating it. Thus even if the party is thrown out they have no place to go.

THE MANOR-HOUSE

Growing out of the bleak hillside overlooking the village and the marsh (where trolls used to dwell, and where dark, misshapen forms are still seen) stands the dark conglomeration of stones piled on stones that is Torgrim House. Age-old moss clings desperately to its massive walls. The sprawling shape contains three floors, of which the uppermost is now only inhabited by the few rats that can survive amongst the dust. The lower floors still retain the threads of their ancient grandeur, but the beautiful stained-glass panels in the chapel are cracked or broken; the library now holds only a fragment of the wisdom it once knew; the paintings are dulled; and the very stones are being ground into powder by their own weight.

On venturing into the entrance hall the party will first see a large, imposing chamber with paintings (including a very impressive one of a paladin) around the stairs, and a large tapestry on the west wall. But on a second glance it will be seen that the paintings are all old and dusty, the tapestry is moth-eaten and a little faded, and the whole chamber has seen better days. This dimmed elegance is repeated throughout the

house: a typical room [the display chamber] contains the treasures of the family: around the walls are the trophies of Uther I, the paladin, the family wedding dress that all brides wear, the holy symbol that is carried by all young men of the House when they go on quest, a couple of poor paintings, some jewellery, and Uther's magic items: +1 *Chain Mail*, a *Ring of Warmth*, a *Rope of Climbing*, and a *Wand of Metal Detection*. *Vlissa*, the paladin's sword, is also normally kept here because no one in the baronial line has been able to carry it since Uther I's death (Helena/Alicia, with tongs, has recently stolen it – the loss has not been missed). But all the trophies are tarnished or rotting; the shelves are unsafe; and even the magic is losing its brightness.

TIMELINE OF EVENTS

Day 1. The party arrives at the barony. Behind them, the bridge collapses. Simultaneously, Stephen is found murdered in his room. Another serving girl disappears, apparently a victim of the monster. In reality, she is a coven victim, and will be sacrificed to Maloth at night in the cellar. The same night, Helena/Alicia bites Uther for the first time (his hit points go from 17 to 13).

Day 2. Uther seems weakened and unwell. Cordelia is visited by Bardolph, according to her nurse. In fact this is Helena/Alicia under a *phantasmal force* – she uses a *suggestion* on Cordelia that she would like to visit the ice room. Cordelia does, and Helena locks her in there to freeze swiftly to death. Konrad falls down the stairs and breaks a leg; Helena had cast a *phantasmal force* so that the first step appeared six inches in front of its actual position. (Helena felt that Konrad was the only serious threat to her outside the family).

Later that day, Helena tells Roderick that Cranmar is stealing from the treasury, and tells Cranmar that Roderick is poisoning Uther. There is much tale-telling to Uther, not helping his weakened state. Konrad is fed a tale by Thorn and Katherine about how upset Sara is about his injury, and his heart softens towards her. The monster kills another servant; his body is then found, horribly mutilated and half-eaten, outside the wine cellar. That night Helena sends Thorn a message to meet her in her room secretly. Thorn does, and Helena attempts to seduce him. This is the first part of her plan that goes wrong – Thorn refuses to be seduced, and Helena is forced to become a penanggalan in front of him. He is driven mad. She rejoins her head and body, and kidnaps Katherine as planned. She dumps Thorn in Katherine's bed, and takes Katherine to the old treasure chamber as a prisoner. She does not, as a result of all this, have time to visit Uther as well. Uther loses one hit point.

Day 3. Helena slips poison into Elana's food before it is taken up to her room (where Elana always eats): Elana dies. There is now universal worry about Uther, who is obviously unwell. Bardolph has attempted all he knows without success, and there are whispers that Uther might die. Helena persuades Bardolph that she and Dane should be married at once, so that the marriage can have Uther's blessing before he dies. Bardolph agrees, and gets from the display chamber the holy symbol of Uther 1, the paladin. Helena requires this for the unholy sorceries she needs to return Gallowfire to unlife, and it disappears from her room. Katherine's plot to make Sara and Konrad fall in love reaches fruition, but she is not there to revel in it. That night, a serving-girl disappears, presumably a victim of the monster. In fact, Korrik grabbed her for a third human sacrifice. Helena visits Uther again, and his hit points drop to 9.

Day 4. Early the next morning the monster kills a stable boy. The wedding takes place despite the worries and all seems quiet. Bardolph gets an anonymous letter (from Helena) telling him of the coven; she tells him that if he wishes to observe one of their rites he should wear certain robes so that the coven is not suspicious, and tells him how to get to the coven's meeting chamber. He is told not to tell anyone, otherwise the coven might hear and not meet. Meanwhile, Thorn and the party will also get notes telling them that they can capture the coven and its leader. That night, the coven will meet; Bardolph will turn up and Korrik (whom Helena has arranged to be the officer of the watch tonight) will be absent. When the party and Thorn arrive it will appear from Bardolph's clothing that he is the coven leader, and the note that Bardolph will talk about will have disappeared, thanks to Helena. The party should be able to rescue the serving girl. Also that night, Helena secretly gives Dane a sleeping draught, slips away and visits Uther again. (Uther's hit points are now 4).

Day 5. The next morning the barony will be alive with rumours after Bardolph's unmasking. But late that afternoon Rosalind will disappear, kidnapped by Helena, and Helena will persuade Dane to wander down into the tunnels to look for her. Once in the old treasure chamber, she will use her magic to subdue Dane, and then will drain Rosalind's blood to provide the final ingredient for her sorceries. Dane's soul will be destroyed, and Gallowfire will be reborn. Gallowfire, waking, will partake of his first meal he will drain the blood from Katherine, who has been held prisoner down here for the past three days. Of course, Helena will not be able to visit Uther tonight, so he will only lose one hit.

Day 6. The next evening, Dane (now Gallowfire), who has been missing all day, will reappear, claiming to have been lost in the depths, hiding from the monster with Helena. He will visit his sick father, and will complete the destruction of the house by draining the last of Uther's blood.

Obviously, this timeline will be altered as the party's actions take effect: for instance, if the monster is slain, then it will no longer kill servants, and the coven will not be able to use it to cover their kidnappings.

THE CHARACTERS

The Nobles

Uther: AC10; LVL3; HP17; Fighter; Human; LN; STR:13; INT:12; WIS: 14; DEX: 10; CON:11; CHA:16. +2 *Longsword* (with the baronial arms carved into the blade). Also the magic items in the new treasure room (See **The Manor-House**).

Complacent and a little lazy, the 11th Baron of Trollmarsh presides over a declining house that has lost its former greatness and size, thought this doesn't bother him unduly. A little shaken recently by the untimely death of his brother in an accident, but now only worried that Dane may not be a good baron after him. He regrets that of his three children only Dane has failed to meet his expectations.

He can be very talkative to people he likes, especially after a meal and a good wine, and will tell many stories about the barony's history – the exploits of Uther I, the paladin, the ghost of the murderer on the top floor (who doesn't exist), the Troll Wars, the tunnel below that leads to the heart of the marsh (this also doesn't exist), the story of Uther the First's sword Vlissa, and so forth. He will not be persuaded to talk about current family matters, though.

Age has made Uther's face seem far more handsome than it once was; he is far more imposing in his official regalia than in private life. Originally an energetic man, his muscles are going to flab as he loses his old fitness. Not fat, but not very fit either.

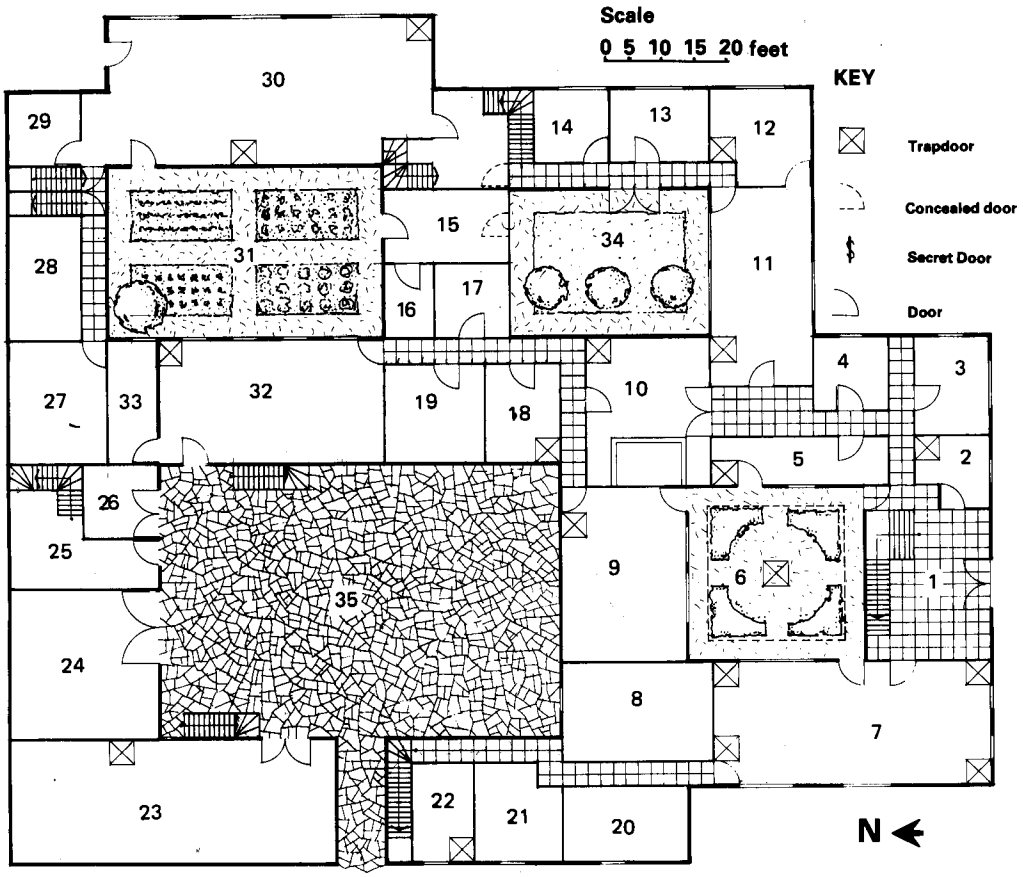
Elana (Uther's wife): AC10; LVL0; HP2; Human (female); LN; STR:8; INT:14; WIS: 14; DEX:9; CON:6; CHA:13. Unarmed.

Her marriage with Uther was a political one; she is loyal to Uther, but there is no affection. She has suffered continually from ill-health since Katherine's birth and she accepted for a long time that Uther would find female companionship elsewhere. She is somewhat cold in conversation – polite but not forthcoming. Oddly, she is fond of Dr Halvinstrom, and has on a couple of occasions prevented Uther dismissing him.

Never a great beauty, Elana's years of ill-health have robbed her of what looks she had. She is thin and bird-like, with her skin the colour and texture of parchment. She has a constant dry, wracking cough that makes her shake, and her eyes are sunken and dark. Tends not to move around much.

Dane: AC7 (5); LVL6; HP22; Thief; Human; NG; STR:12; INT:9; WIS:7; DEX:17; CON:13;CHA:12. +1 *Longsword*; fake bracers (which he uses to explain why he doesn't wear chainmail); *Elven Boots, Coin of Good Fortune* (when tossed, it always lands the way up he wishes it to).

Uther's eldest son and heir, Dane was trained as a thief by Gor. He came back from a trip with his bracers one time, and has never worn metal armour since. Studious, earnest, but not very sharp: a little easily led. Very idealistic, and fired with the ideas that Dr Halvinstrom has been feeding him. A little lacking



KEY TO MAPS
Map One: Ground Floor

1. Hall.
2. Guard Room.
3. Waiting Room.
4. Study.
5. Display Room.
6. Formal Garden.
7. Dining Room.
8. Disused Room.
9. Chapel.
10. Audience Chamber.
11. Library.
12. Study.
13. School Room.
14. Librarian's Room.
15. Gardener's Room.
16. Gardener's Private Room.
17. Guard Room
18. Robing Room.
19. Armoury.
20-22. Disused Rooms.
23. Stable.
24. Cart Room.
25. Tack Room.
26. Smithy.
27-28. Stores.
29. Pantry
30. Kitchen.
31. Kitchen Garden.
32. Barracks.
33. Wash Room.
34. Formal Garden.
35. Yard.

in a sense of humour, and prefers a book to a flagon of wine. Besotted with Helena, with whom he will permit no fault to be found. Dane is always willing to talk, and will discuss at length political problems with the region and the socio-economic effects of the ruling classes' oppression. He is happy to talk about his lovely Helena, but what he tends to talk about are her manifold virtues, rather than anything the party might find of interest.

His room is plush and well-appointed: a few books stand on the shelf, with titles such as 'An End to Poverty'; 'Freedom and Justice for all'; 'The Decline of the Feudal System'; and 'The Evils of the Class Structure'.

Slender and slightly built, with a shock of fair hair, he has not inherited much of his father's looks, and takes more after his mother.

Katherine: AC6; LVL1; HP4; Magic-User; Human (female); CG; STR:14; INT:17; WIS:9; DEX:16; CON:15; CHA:15. Dagger; +2 *Ring of Protection*.

Spell book: *comprehend languages, dancing lights, feather fall, jump, light, mending, spider climb, unseen servant.*

Well-meaning but scheming, Uther's daughter Katherine is bothered about Dane becoming Baron. She is attached to her home, and doesn't want to see it falling into disrepute under Dane; thus she is attempting to put Thorn forward in his place. But she is fond of her big brother, and doesn't want to hurt him. She is forever inventing schemes and plots, and is currently attempting to make Sara and Konrad fall in love (with some success): anyone talking to her will be told that each is already in love with the other (she is spreading this rumour to make it come true . . .).

Uther knows a little of her nature, and wishes she had been his eldest son. She will willingly chatter to anyone about anything – but she is sharp enough that a questioner will end up as the one questioned. On serious matters she keeps her thoughts to herself and tries to cope with matters personally.

Tall and slim, with dark hair and an attractive face; she has the same cool beauty that the portrait on the main stairs shows Cordelia had when she was young. Always wears simple (but tasteful) elegant clothes.

Her room is well-decorated; her spell-book sits on her desk. In a desk drawer is a letter to Sara from Konrad, professing his love. 'He was going to destroy this, and would not send it to Sara,' according to Katherine (who forged it). Also in the drawer is a very complimentary sketch of Konrad, which she stole from Sara.

Thorn: AC7; LVL3; HP27; Ranger; Human; LG; STR:15; INT:14; WIS:14; DEX:12; CON:15; CHA:15. +1 *Longsword*; longbow; +1 *Leather Armour*; *Amulet of Protection vs Sleep* (gives a save vs magic).

Uther's younger bastard son was brought up under a cloud (because of his illegitimacy) in his mother's family's small farm: on his mother's death Uther acknowledged the young man and brought him to the manor. By then, Thorn was trained in the ways of earth and forest, and for a time resented his new obligations. He is getting used to his position, but finds the family homestead oppressive, and regularly disappears back to his forest. He has no desire to become the next baron, and tends to fight against any attempt to drag him into baronial politics, which annoy him. He likes Dane, though doesn't appreciate his political views. Normally open and frank, the atmosphere in the barony makes Thorn less willing to talk unguardedly. He always bases his actions on what he feels is right, rather than on what he thinks will go down well. Lacks the social graces, sometimes deliberately: will not engage in polite small-talk, but if persuaded to talk by someone he can respect will talk honestly.

His room is simple, containing plants and an owl with a broken wing he is healing.

Dark-haired, fairly handsome with Uther's looks: rough and unpolished socially. Tends to go around in light leathers, to some people's disgust. Dislikes wearing elaborate clothes.

Cordelia: AC10; LVL0; HP1; Human (female); LN; STR:5; INT:10; WIS:14; DEX:4; CON:11; CHA:12. Unarmed. Locket with *continual light* cast on the gem inside.

Uther's mother was well-regarded as a beauty when she was young. Now her mind is wandering, and she often thinks she is still young, and expects every man to flatter her. Doddery but good-humoured, she makes the most of what little she can now do, but her rheumatism makes walking difficult. Regarded with tolerant affection by everyone else. She will look down her nose rather at adventurers (somewhat below the salt, you know) but if flattered by a handsome young man can be persuaded to talk at length on any subject under the sun. Of course, the information gained will be of little use,

though Cordelia will tell a questioner that there is unrest currently among the servants (she doesn't know why – but you know what servants are like). Unfortunately, this information is wrong!

Her average height is lessened by her necessity to hunch over to hold her sticks; her hair is silver but always neatly combed and arranged. She is likewise always well-dressed, though in a slightly outdated style.

Helena/Alicia: AC9 (8 when head detached); LVL5 (pretends she's LVL2); HP13 (body), 29 (detached head); Magic-User; Penanggalan (*FF*)/ Vampire (female); NG/LE; STR:12; INT:18; WIS:14; DEX:15; CON:14; CHA:17. +2 *Dagger*; *Never-empty Wineskin*; *Scroll* of *trap the soul*; *Wand of Secret Door/Trap Detection* (3 charges left); *Brooch of Shielding* (15 points left), always worn; gem (contains Gallowfire's soul, kept in 'a locket my mother gave me'); *Potion of Polymorphing*; *Potion of Healing* (works on vampires not humans); *Bag of Holding*, 500lb capacity.

Spell book: 1st level – *burning hands, comprehend languages, dancing lights, detect magic, enlarge, feather fall, hold portal, light, magic missile, shield, sleep, shocking grasp, tenser's floating disc, unseen servant, ventriloquism.*

2nd level – *audible glamer, continual light, darkness 15' radius, detect invisibility, fool's gold, forget, invisibility, knock, levitate, locate object, rope trick, shatter, web.*

3rd level – *clairaudience, dispel magic, gust of wind, hold person, phantasmal force, suggestion.*

As Helena, Dane's fiancee, Alicia is sweet, kind, thoughtful and pleasant, though a little withdrawn and shy. As Alicia, she is callous, cold-blooded, calculating and vengeful; her only pleasures now are the pain of others and the sweetness of revenge, and the delight of Gallowfire's return. Her old, human self is now completely submerged by her vampire nature. She is extremely sharp-witted and a very good actress; it will take very clever questioning to catch her out, though she will be quite happy to talk to the party, and may even volunteer some information, most of it true (though of little use). She is likely to spot any plots by others against her and attempt to nullify them; if she realises that her plots are falling through she will attempt to escape. However, she has spent a long time setting this up and will only abandon it if the situation is hopeless; she is more likely to attempt to maintain the plan by new tricks if anything should go wrong.

Her room contains an ornamental urn filled with vinegar – scented flowers on all available surfaces almost mask the smell.

As Helena, she appears as a tall but very demure girl, with long, dark hair piled up on her head, who prefers wearing long, simple dresses. Very attractive indeed, with soft brown eyes and a snub nose.

Lady Sara: AC9; LVL0; HP3; Human (female); CG; STR:10; INT:15; WIS:13; DEX:15; CON:12; CHA:14. Unarmed.

Katherine's cousin and companion Sara is sharp-tongued and keen-witted, and takes great pleasure from her verbal battles with Konrad – she is more than a match for him. Actually, she's very fond of Konrad, though she wouldn't admit it to him. She is also very fond of Katherine, and spends much time with her: she knows that Katherine is currently plotting something that she hasn't told her about, and this bothers her. She doesn't like Helena (too cold and cunning), and is worried about Dane. She tends to spar verbally with everyone, but only attacks people she doesn't like (apart from Konrad), such as Thorn, whom she sees as an opportunist who wants to steal the barony from his half-brother.

Sara's room is decorated with a large number of well-executed sketches and caricatures: Konrad is a favourite target. On her desk there will be a wicked caricature of a party member!

Sara is dark-haired, tall, graceful and well-built; striking but not classically beautiful. Tends not wear typically feminine clothes, preferring something more practical.

Konrad: AC4; LVL4; HP36; Fighter; Human; NG; STR:15; INT:14; WIS:14; DEX:12; CON:16; CHA:14. +2 *Bastard Sword*; +1 *Longsword*; shortbow; +1 *Chainmail*; *Ring of Water-breathing*.

Konrad is a young nobleman ex-adventurer, now part of the barony to provide Dane with a good example of what to be. However, he tends to get on better with Thorn than Dane. He is sharp-witted and tongued, with a penchant for verbal battles with all and sundry: his favourite target is Sara, who delights in fighting back. Actually very fond of Sara, though he wouldn't admit it even to himself. Currently a confirmed bachelor, he now considers Dane a lost cause, though he is glad Dane seems contented. However, he is bothered about what Katherine is doing, as she seems very unhappy about Dane's political views. A good warrior, but he prefers to avoid combat except with his tongue.

Konrad's room suffers from his untidiness: trophies from his adventures (including an orc helmet, a hobgoblin scimitar, a burnt-out *Ioun Stone* and a stuffed hedgehog) are scattered all about.

Ruggedly handsome, Konrad sports dark, curly hair and a well-trimmed moustache that always gets rude comments from Sara; well-built and reasonably muscular without being overly so. Tends to wear armour except on formal occasions (another thing that Sara makes fun of).

Lady Jennifer: AC10; LVL0; HP2; Human (female); NG; STR:11; INT:15; WIS:5; DEX:13; CON:10; CHA:11. Unarmed.

Elana's companion, Jennifer has the task of keeping Elana from becoming overly depressed (as she is wont to do). She is not particularly good at this, and has a knack of putting her foot in it, but her pleasant nature tends to make up for this. She and Elana tend to have rows every few weeks, and then make up the next day. Jennifer specialises in vapid conversations and gossiping with anyone stupid enough to listen. Her current subject for gossip is her personal theory that Dr Halvinstrom (whom she dislikes) has bewitched Dane: she suspects him of being behind all the troubles. She makes much of the fact that Uther would probably have thrown Dr Halvinstrom out if it was not for Elana's influence.

Unkempt and unattractive, Jennifer has slid into middle-age without worrying at the loss of her youth. Her nature tends to make up for her looks.

Fismyna: AC10; LVL1; HP6; Cleric; Human (female); LG; STR:14; INT:15; WIS:15; DEX:13; CON:14; CHA:15. Unarmed.

A young cleric still in training, she has been given the task of looking after Cordelia by her superior as punishment for her ambitious nature. She is genuinely fond of Cordelia, but tends to gripe in private about being stuck here, and is impatient to be away. She tends to be a little dismissive of Bardolph, theoretically her superior here, since she feels herself superior to him intellectually. Not normally talkative, but might be persuaded to talk over a glass of wine.

Fismyna is rather plain and dumpy, but her vivacious nature makes her seem quite attractive.

Dr Halvinstrom: AC10; LVL0; HP3; Human; LN; STR:8; INT:17; WIS:9; DEX:12; CON:10; CHA:13. Unarmed.

Obsessed with his political ideas, the doctor sees the barony purely as a place to test his theories. He doesn't care for the people here at all, and tends to consider any questions dispassionately. He is thus one who observes the human race without really being a part of it . . . Will try not to get involved in any internal events, and will not give any aid, but if anything happens to upset his scheme, he will attempt to remove the problem. If matters get too hot he will leave, cutting his losses. He will willingly discuss politics with anyone, but is likely to dismiss most questioners swiftly as lacking in any intelligence or knowledge of the subject – his keen tongue will cut most people to ribbons.

His study contains books (such titles as 'A History of the Lesser Kings of Mhorann', 'The Troll Wars, a critique of the Strategies', 'Basic Mathematics', 'A Common Tongue/Thuringian Dictionary' and the like) and oddments from all corners of the world. There are maps of the region displayed prominently, showing the political status of the region, and a family tree of the ruling family. His desk is always tidy but crowded. Books in his *own* room, though, have titles like 'Violence and Feudalism', 'Revolution through Politics', 'The Overthrow of the Overlords', 'Goatism in Imazine' and so forth.

Short and plump, with a short goatee beard and a 'beak' nose, Halvinstrom tends to wear tatty slippers and a patched robe.

Bardolph: AC10 (4); LVL3; HP1; Cleric; Human; LG; STR:9; INT:11; WIS:15; DEX:11; CON:12; CHA:14. Mace; *Holy Water* (six vials), *Healing Potion*, 3 *Scrolls* of *cure disease*.

Dedicated to his job as the barony's priest, he realises that he is in a backwater within the church, but lacks ambition and does not care to move. Although loyal to the family, he is unhappy about the succession: he feels that Dane is not the best person for the post, but he has not even thought of any other possibility. A little slow, he will talk to anyone, but his conversation revolves around his faith: his theory is that all that is happening is divine retribution for Uther begetting a bastard (he was very shocked when Uther confessed this to him).

His room is simple and bare.

Bardolph is very tall and thin, with a long neck, dark hair, and brown eyes. A little short-sighted; he also tends to look down on everyone.

Stephen: AC10; LVL0; HP2; Nuisance; Human; CN; STR:6; INT:13; WIS:6; DEX:14; CON:8; CHA:8;. Wooden sword.

Uther's nephew, Stephen is a typical spoilt brat. His room is especially untidy, and his pet spider glowers at all who enter from its small wire cage.

Lady Rosalind: AC10; LVL0; HP1; Right Cutey-pie; Human (female); CN; STR:5; INT:8; WIS:9; DEX:8; CON:11; CHA:13. Wouldn't dream of using weapons, though she could scream if she had to.

Rosalind is the typical sweet, sugary little girl. Nice, well-behaved, tidy and sickening. If spoken to, she will reply very politely, but will be too shy actually to say anything of much use.

The Servants

Cranmar, AC10; LVL2; HP12; Fighter; Human; LN; STR:11; INT:14; WIS:16; DEX:12; CON:14; CHA:14. Dagger; +1 *Shortsword* – his pride and joy, which he keeps locked up in his room.

Originally Cranmar was an adventurer (which was when he met his wife), but as he grew older he entered the service of Uther, and has now reached the position of first servant. He has a mania for organisation and custom and dislikes any change to the normal routine. Tends to fuss over the lesser servants, keeping them in their place and at their tasks. Dislikes Roderick intensely: this started as a mild dislike, which over the years has grown in his mind. Roderick returns this in kind. Cranmar is not normally talkative, but will answer questions if ordered to. He has heard a rumour that a coven of Malothians have cursed the barony; currently, though, he is more worried about coping with Mrillion, who has reportedly assaulted another servant girl.

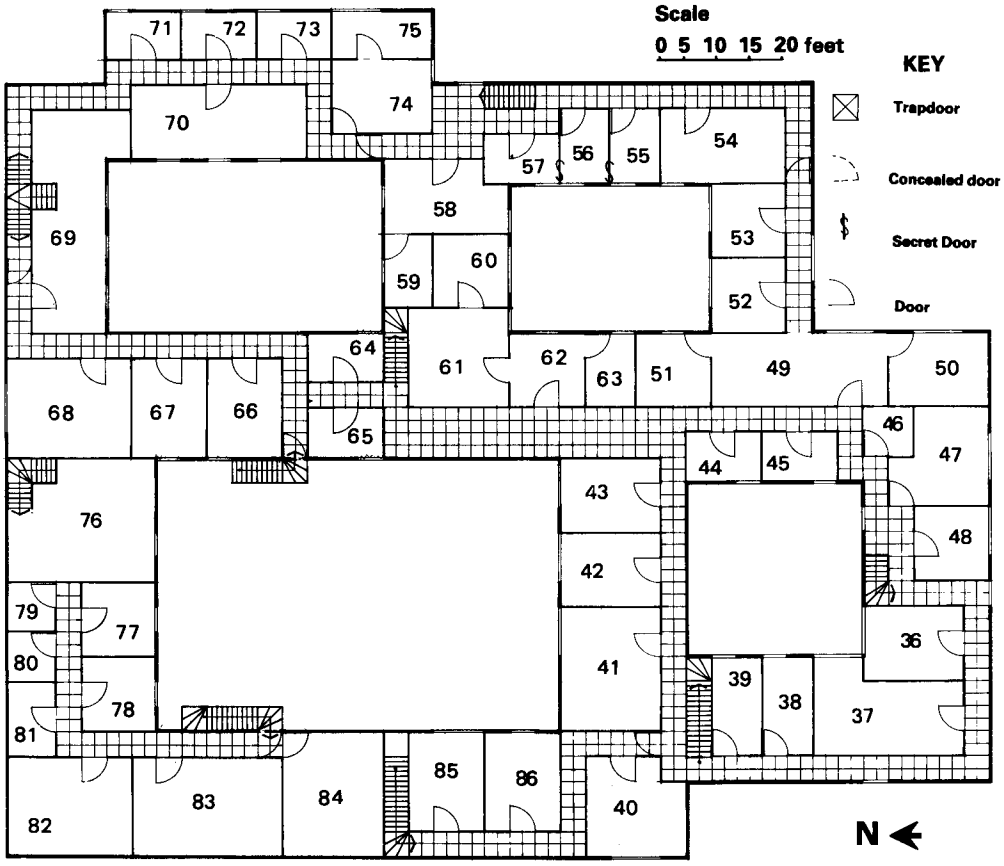
Haughty, stern-faced and always scowling, Cranmar carries himself very upright and stiffly. Always wears the correct clothes for his station and the time and place (as he sees it) but tends to blend into the background when he is not asserting himself.

Mrs Cranmar: AC8; LVL2; HP6; Ex-Houri; Human (female); NG; STR:11; INT:15; WIS:14; DEX:16; CON:12; CHA:13. +1 *Dagger* (hidden, only Cranmar also knows of it and its location), locket with *continual light* cast inside it.

Spell book: *ventriloquism, detect charm, silvertongue, impotence.*

Originally a great beauty, Mrs Cranmar has given up her old profession as a houri (*BOWD Articles 1*); she still retains the presence of her charisma, though her looks are gone. She is a formidable figure amongst the servants, especially in her kitchen (a noisy, smelly, large, smoky chamber filled with bustle and action), which she rules with an iron hand. She wields much power behind the scenes, and dislikes interruptions by *anyone*. She is unlikely to be swayed by a man's flattery, though she may choose to be flattered if the man is charming enough. What she can tell questioners is that someone is stealing food from the kitchen (in fact this is a hungry servant, but she suspects a deeper motive): some vinegar went missing recently, too, which she cannot understand! She is very fond of Elana, but dislikes Katherine, who is too scheming (perhaps this dislike is because Katherine is too like her . . .). Of course, she can no longer use her houri skills (she couldn't Seduce anyone now, but can still Hide in Shadows), but her spells are still clear in her mind. She finds her new employment has its advantages (she can eat as much as she likes now!).

Roderick: AC9; LVL2; HP7; Ex-Thief; Dwarf; LN; STR:12; INT:13; WIS:8; DEX:15; CON:13; CHA:9. Dagger.



Map Two: First Floor

36. Thorn's Room.
37. Dane's Room.
38. Konrad's Room.
39. Guest Room.
40. Helena's Room.
41. Bardolph's Room.
42. Katherine's Room.
43. Sara's Room.
44. Bathroom.
45-48. Guest Rooms.
49. Sitting Room.
50. Jennifer's Room.
51. Roderick's Room.
52. Elana's Room
53. Uther's Room.
54. Play Room.
55. Rosalind's Room.
56. Stephen's Room.
57. Nurse's Room.
58. Dr Helvinstrom's Room.
59. Dr Helvinstrom's Study.
60. Cordelia's Bedroom.
61. Cordelia's Sitting Room.
62. Antechamber.
63. Fismyna's Room.
64. Holly's Room.
65. Disused Room.
66. Korrik's Room.
67. Vorg's Room.
68. Dogbry's Room.
69. Male Servant's Dorm.
70. Female Servant's Dorm.
71-73. Disused Rooms.
74-75. The Cranmars' Rooms.
76. Hayloft.
77. Smith's Room.
78. Gor's Room.
79-81. Disused rooms.
82-84. Stores.
85-86. Disused Rooms.

Roderick was a thief, but not a very good one, and when caught by Uther's father, he agreed to become his personal man-servant rather than going to gaol. He now performs the same role for Uther, and is a loyal follower of the House of Torgrim. However, he has a deep dislike of the 'new' servant Cranmar, which is reciprocated. By nature he is dour, slow-tongued but sly, and has kept his delight in sharp practices. He will not willingly talk to the party, but will slander Cranmar if pressed; he will also comment that Dogbry is out of his depth in dealing with the monster (somewhat true). He has maintained his skills at thieving.

His room contains little except examples of his hobby: carving stone figures. Roderick has deep-set eyes and a stern expression. His beard is greying but neatly trimmed.

Gor: AC5; LVL6; HP22; Thief; Half-Elf; CN; STR:14; INT:15; WIS:7; DEX:17; CON:10; CHA:12. +2 *Longsword* (well-hidden); whip; *Horseshoes of Speed*; *Cloak of Elvenkind*; +5% *Thieves' Tools, Potion of Invisibility*.

An ageing thief, Gor 'retired' after getting into trouble with the local underworld. His position as chief groom here avoids the attentions of an assassin. Although he must stay here, this doesn't bother him unduly – he likes being with horses, and the job is fairly cushy. No one else in the barony knows of his background. He has begun training Dane to be a thief, partly out of boredom, and partly in the hope that Dane could complete the job he began. Currently, Gor knows the underground tunnel complex better than anyone except Alicia, but has no inclination to do anything with this knowledge. He knows of, and ignores, the coven, but doesn't know of the old treasure chamber. He is aware that the monster exists, but doesn't feel threatened by it. He will be very worried about anyone asking questions, and will refuse to talk to anyone about anything: if he feels too threatened by the party's investigations, he may go into hiding in the marsh.

Gor is dark and moderately handsome. His face is normally covered by a light stubble. He wears a filthy hat, torn khaki clothes, and always has a whip in his belt.

Holly: AC10; LVL0; HP2; Human (female); CN; STR:13; INT:9; WIS:12; DEX:11; CON:8; CHA:11. Unarmed.

Holly is Katherine's and Sara's maid. She is bubbly, cheerful and plucky, but at heart sensible: whilst very fond of Katherine and her brothers, she dislikes Dr Helvinstrom and suspects that he is behind all the trouble. She will feel threatened by any man who tries to talk to her, but will quite happily gossip to another woman. Her current fear is the rumour she's heard that one of the serving girls, supposedly eaten by the monster is hidden away as the soldier's prisoner (this is not quite true: the rumour began after one of the servants found a locket belonging to one of the 'eaten' serving girls in a cell in the tunnels near the barracks, where she had been held by Korrik before she was sacrificed). Holly also knows that recently a number of village men have died in odd circumstances. (This is quite true – these were Alicia's food supply while she settled into the manor.)

Holly is fair, with curly hair and a pert face. Although attractive, she doesn't make the most of her looks.

Ross: AC10; LVL0; HP2; Human; CN; STR:8; INT:7; WIS:10; DEX:14; CON:9; CHA:9. Unarmed.

Ross, Dane's page boy, has two natures: the one he affects in the presence of Dane or other adults, and his real nature. With Dane, he is well-behaved, tidy, sensible, and agrees with everything Dane says. In private he is a little monster, messy, cruel (especially to Rosalind's kitten), and destructive. He also loves exploring, but hasn't discovered any of the secret passages. He will be very quiet with adults, but might let slip if carefully questioned that he heard one servant say that Elana was poisoning Uther (this is rubbish: Ross is just trying to get attention).

Mrillion: AC8; LV1; HP5; Thief; Human; CN (insane); STR:18; INT:7; WIS:3; DEX:16; CON:17; CHA:16.

Mrillion is the barony's fool. He appears deep and all-seeing, always seeming to know more than he does. This is enforced by his habit of making deep, meaningful philosophical statements that could contain much of value, but are complete rubbish (eg 'The assassin's tongue is forged from eloquence'; 'Call for justice and distort the truth'; 'The mute sings the siren's song'; 'Where are the prophets?') Mrillion tends to pop up where least expected. He does actually know some of the secret tunnels, but will not voluntarily reveal his secrets. Normally an infernal nuisance, though he makes an excellent fool/jester.

Mrillion is very tall and heavily built, and surprisingly imposing and charismatic. He wears scruffy, multi-coloured rags and earrings in the shape of fish. Tends to jump around a lot.

Other Servants

There are a large number of servants at the manor (though less than previously), under the supervision of Cranmar. Most are normal humans, but there are a few who are thieves or fighters. They are mostly fairly apathetic, or just plain scared, and will not try to aid the party, though they will not hinder them. Most know little of use, and may be overawed into not talking, though the party may learn from them that Korrik is having an affair with Lady Katherine (this is untrue, and resulted from Korrik being seen sneaking out to a coven meeting), and that one of the servants saw an unholy thing fly over the manor-house a week ago. (True – the servant saw Alicia going in search of food. He has since convinced himself that he was blind drunk, and will deny everything unless questioned carefully.)

The Soldiers

Dogbry: AC5(3); LVL4; HP39; Fighter; Human; LN; STR:17; INT:8; WIS:13; DEX:13; CON:17; CHA:16. +1 *Longsword*; +1 *Battle Axe*; +1 *Shield*; *Ioun Stone*, absorbs spells up to 4th level, 8 charges left.

Dogbry isn't very smart, but is competent and well-respected. As Captain of the Guard he keeps the barracks (such as it is) in good order, however, he would probably be at a loss in a real emergency. Dogbry normally carries a book that appears from the cover to be the *Book of Llyr*: in fact, it is 'The Compleat Sergeant'! He is not a gossip, and will object to anyone taking up his time or that of his troops.

Heavy-set and solidly built, Dogbry has a nasty scar across his temple. He wears rather old and battered armour, and an odd, horned helmet. Not handsome, but gnarled and striking – he certainly stands out!

Vorg: AC(4); LVL3;HP20; Fighter; Half-Orc; LN; STR:14; INT:15; WIS:12; DEX:15; CON:13; CHA:11. +1 *Bastard Sword*, +1 *Shield*.

Curt and apparently cold, Dogbry's lieutenant, Vorg, is inwardly quite easily hurt by insults. To disguise this he acts the brutal sergeant, and takes no one into his confidence: he will not willingly talk to anyone. He dislikes Korrik, who *is* the brutal sergeant without having to put on an act. Hidden in his room is a 'Textbook of Courtly Manners' and another copy of 'The Compleat Sergeant'.

Vorg is typically half-orcish in appearance, with tusks and piggy eyes. Ugly and grim-faced, but always very smartly turned-out.

Korrik: AC3(2); LVL5; HP27; Cleric; Human; LE; STR:15; INT:16; WIS:18; DEX:16; CON:10; CHA:16. +2 *Longsword* (Align:LE); +1 *Longbow*; garotte; *Brooch of Shielding*, 19 charges; *Coin of Alignment*, disguises his alignment as LN; *Potion of Flying*; *Potion of Delusion* (he thinks it's a *Philtre of Persuasiveness*).

Korrik uses his position as a lieutenant as a cover for his other activities. Cool and calculating, Korrik is the leader of a coven of Malothians that meet secretly in the depths. He is ambitious and unpleasant, but lacks drive; he plans to set up a true Malothian shrine to attract the attention and favour of his superiors, but his deeds run far behind his dreams. He tends to excessive caution and waits for chance occurrences, rather than making his own luck. He is the only officer who will talk to the party: he will tell them, when he is off duty over a pint, that he has heard that Bardolph is a Malothian (Helena started this rumour – Korrik, lacking her subtlety, is passing it on). He will also say that he suspects that Vorg is a werewolf, and this is the monster (this too is Korrik's lack of subtlety betraying him).

There is a 'Book of Maloth' hidden in his room, together with an unholy symbol and his two potions.

Darkly handsome, with an imposing appearance, Korrik normally appears cheerful except when on duty, when he seems the typical brutal sergeant with a heart of gold (the latter is, of course, faked). Tends to wear armour at all times.

The Troops
The troops are either LVL0 men or fighters of 1st or 2nd level. Few have any real experience of combat, and their brush with the owlbear has frightened them all badly. Even if the monster is slain, they will still be wary of venturing down. The party can expect little or no aid from them. They will not be allowed by Dogbry to talk to the party on duty – off duty, they can tell the party little of use. Their barracks is a rough, grim chamber filled by bunk beds and tables, normally occupied by those of 24 guards that are off duty.

THE COVEN
The coven is made up of thirteen members of the barony. Their leader is Korrik, but the rest are troops and servants. They meet irregularly, whenever Korrik can arrange it, in a rough cavern draped with red and black, with a pentragram carved in the floor. In this cavern is an altar, topped with manacles and newish bloodstains. Obscene carvings and statues line walls of the room. Opening off this room is a chamber containing Korrik's robes and symbols; a large goat's-head mask stands in one corner, and there is a pair of sacrificial daggers on a table. Korrik has scrawled a map onto one wall, on which he marks his explorations; one room has the words 'The Monster!' written over it. Also in here is Korrik's library of books on torture and cruelty, both techniques and case-studies; with them is his own half-written and annotated book on the subject.

Korrik has arranged a system of communication amongst coven members. They are well-organised, and dedicated to their secret worship, but somehow have never actually *done* anything. The two recent human sacrifices have horrified a couple of the members, who had never before experienced anything like it, but the others have been fired with a new enthusiasm. Of the members, apart from Korrik, four are soldiers and the rest servants.

One of the serving girls, who joined the coven because she enjoyed the rites, has become frightened by the human sacrifices and wants to get out, but doesn't know how.

Another serving girl, who is a 4th level thief, found out about the coven and for the last eight months has been running a lucrative business selling the members fake lucky charms and magic items. She is carrying a *Coin of Alignment Changing* that makes her read NE (she is CN). Recent events have unnerved her; she had thought the coven more of a joke than a danger, but now they have sacrificed a couple of girls she is trying to leave, but she can't think of a safe method.

GALLOWFIRE
'And at this time the people in the region of Kovoreth were much plagued by the actions of the vampire Gallowfire. Lord Uther heard of his depredations, and went there forthwith to do battle. He strode fearlessly into the stronghold of the creature, and there, after much battle, did destroy the fell creature. So did Gallowfire die, but as he died he invoked a mighty curse upon Uther's line, so that it would dwindle and be destroyed. But Uther took heart from Llyr, and was not struck down by the curse.

'In the midst of the struggle the creature's mate, another vampire, the evil Alicia, did flee, and though Uther sought her for many years she was never found. She is believed to have fled beyond the world's edge to escape Uther's pursuit'.

– Extract from 'The Deeds of Light: or a history of the Paladin Uther the First', in the manor's library.

Also in the book are details of Uther the First's other feats, including the slaying of a green dragon, a group of trolls and the destruction of a Malothian temple. Another book deals with undead, where the party might recognise a penanggalan – the information is very sketchy, but there is a picture of a penanggalan that Thorn, in his insane state, will react to.

If Gallowfire is returned to life, the party will probably already be dead, and they are unlikely to be able to deal with him. If they should try, though, he is a typical vampire. He will grow in power during the month after his rebirth until he reaches full strength. From then onwards, Gallowfire and Alicia, as the new baron and his wife, will plan to spread their influence until they have encompassed the kingdom, assuming that no one stops them.

THE TUNNELS
Under the manor-house run many old passageways and tunnels. One baron, centuries ago, objected to servants walking down the main corridors, and so excavated a warren of tunnels under the house so that the servants could use those and not be visible. Below the manor are an ice room (where food is kept frozen), a crypt (where lies the family Torgrim), a wine cellar amongst other rooms. Over years many of the tunnels have fallen into disuse and are now forgotten. The DM should 'improvise' as far as tunnel layout goes – it helps create more atmosphere!

When the party start searching these dark, narrow tunnels, the DM should let them encounter the 'monster' fairly easily (it is more likely to find *them*), but the confined space and visibility should give it a fighting chance.

Owlbear: AC5; HD5+2; HP38; MV12"; Att 1-6/1-6/2-12; hug (2-16) with paw hit of 18+; INT:low; XP 529; [*MM* p77].

Also easily discoverable is its lair, strewn with mangled corpses and bones, and its old route to the surface, blocked by the explosion from a *glyph of fire*.

More difficult to discover (but by no means impossible) is the coven's chamber. Its entrance is hidden behind a store of mouldering cloth.

What the party should have trouble finding is Alicia's focus of operations, the manor-house's old treasure room, which was lost and forgotten after an old baron died without telling his sons of its existence. Alicia has rediscovered it and turned it into a shrine to evil. It is too far away from the manor to be reached by any *detection* spells, though magic might locate it if cast in the tunnels. Contents of the room include a +3 *Longsword* with a female spirit, Ylissa (LG), in the blade who can talk; she gives the blade the powers of *detect alignment* three times a day, *dispel magic* at 8th level once per day, and *heal* 3 hits once per day. Ylissa will inflict 2-24 damage on any non-good that tries to wield her, 1-6 on any non-lawful (this damage is cumulative), and will object vocally if carried by a lawful good non-paladin. Ylissa was originally the sword of Uther the First. She is to be destroyed while returning Gallowfire to unlife. [Uther will be unwilling to part with the blade to anyone, but might give it to a paladin if he saved the barony from Alicia.] Also there are 3000gp worth of treasure (of which a certain amount must be returned to the crypt which Helena stole it from), and some of Helena's magic items.

DM'S NOTES
This scenario is a murder mystery, with Alicia's killings as the central plot. However, the party should not begin to suspect 'Helena' immediately, and at all times the DM should suggest false leads to confuse players.

Helena's tactics will take into account the fact that the party may have the spells *speak with animals* and *speak with dead*, and will ensure that no one, including her victims, can accuse her. For example, she will stab Stephen from behind so he doesn't see her, because Stephen's pet spider, the one 'witness', can't tell one human from another, and is not very bright.

Helena will not immediately move to eliminate the party: at first she will keep them around to aid in the 'unmasking' of Bardolph. If they begin to get too close, though, she will set about killing or incapacitating them one by one.

Thorn, when insane, should give the party the first clue that a penanggallan is at work, ('Wheeee! Her head came off! It was pretty!') though his insane ravings will not reveal who the penanggallan is, whatever the party try. Even *ESP* will not give clear pictures, though it may help. Note that unkind DMs could suggest through Thorn that someone *else* is the penanggalan. However, if the party knows that a penanggalan is at work, and Alicia separates head and body in front of them, those seeing this who save against spells will be all right, and those who fail will be *feebleminded* (It is shock that kills, and if the party are aware, the shock is less deadly.)

Most importantly, though, the atmosphere must be maintained at all times. The killer should be unknown and capable of striking anywhere, at any time, and should appear quite unstoppable. The monster, as described by the few to see it and survive, should be massive, unkillable, and demoniacal; its roar should be heard echoing eerily down the dark, narrow, unknown tunnels. If run properly, the atmosphere of the scenario should be a cross between Hammer Horror and Agatha Christie! □

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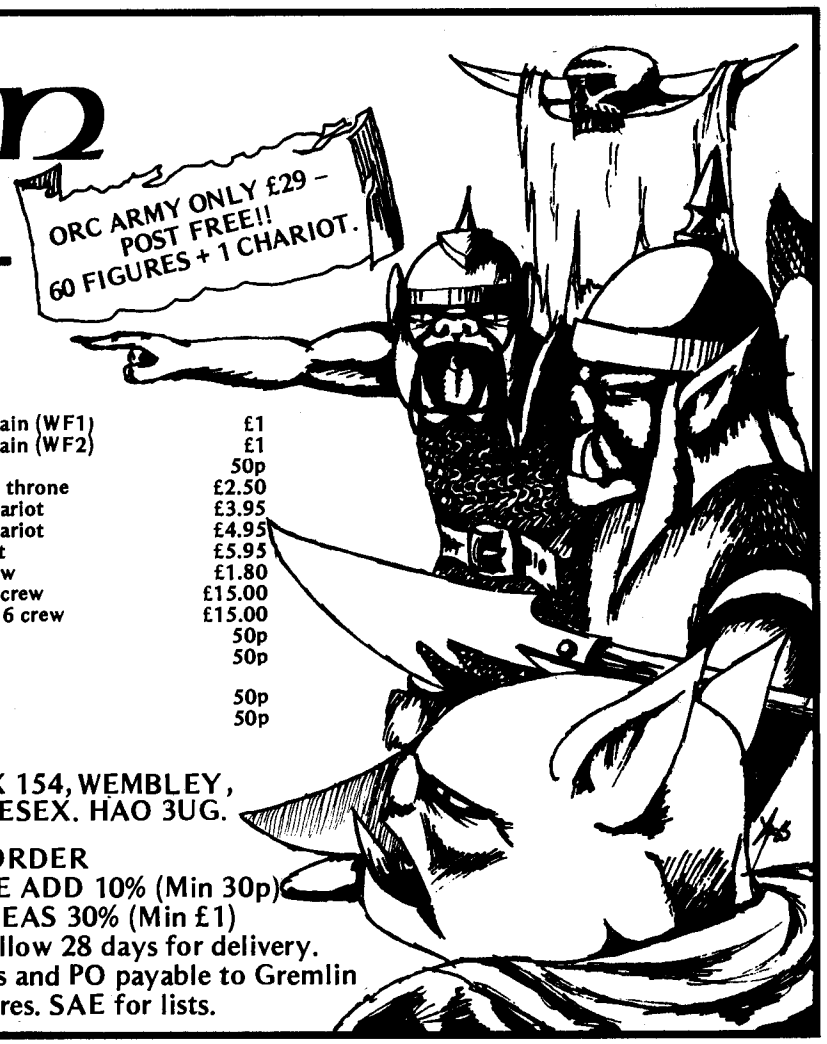

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A Company of Wolves

The Lycanthrope Revealed in AD&D, by Peter Blanchard

Lycanthropes in *AD&D* receive short shrift from the rules, and the resulting creatures hardly do justice to the sort of monster they should be. In this article I hope to add to the effectiveness of lycanthropes in the game by examining both their folk-lore and modern backgrounds.

In the modern world, lycanthropy exists as a disease, or rather a group of diseases with similar effects. In the majority of cases it is a mental affliction which causes the victim to take on the mind of an animal rather than its physical form. The disease is probably a result of toxins suppressing the action of the human mind, releasing its innate animal characteristics. The victim may well be in control of the disease for much of the time, with the animal side only being in control for short periods. As such, the disease could well be mistaken for possession or other enchantments which mimic lyanthropy to an extent. Lycanthropes who actually take on animal form, therefore, can be assumed to result from magical 'engineering' of the disease, since no physical disease could account for the biological changes. Perhaps this form of lycanthropy was also created by some powerful being in order to inflict it upon mankind.

BITTEN BY THE BUG

Fortunately, contracting the disease is rather difficult! Although there is a slight possibility of being infected by coming into contact with a lycanthrope or their personal effects, infection is only really likely if the disease enters the bloodstream either from the blood or saliva of a lycanthrope. This prevents the disease reaching epidemic proportions, although it can become locally widespread. The likelihood of contracting the disease would be dependent on the general health, constitution and disease resistance of the victim. More important, however, would be the victim's psychological state: those who deny their bestial nature would be far more susceptible to the ravages of the disease. Watch out monks, paladins and some clerics! Those more in tune with their animal nature would have a lower chance of contracting the disease, although should they become infected they would make fairly spectacular lycanthropes!

The effects of lycanthropy may not immediately be apparent. The victim may show symptoms of extreme restlessness and anxiety, followed by incredible strength (especially if the were-form is of a strong creature such as a bear). Strange cravings will also develop, such as for the taste of raw meat, but it is only when the true animal nature manifests itself that the victim will know that he is definitely suffering from lycanthropy.

The effects of the disease vary widely. Sufferers of mental lycanthropy seem to fall into two groups: those who suffer continuously and those who suffer intermittently. In both cases, the victim mimics the behaviour of an animal, walking on all fours, being unable to speak and uttering only animal-like cries. There is only a real danger if the animal form is a carnivorous one and if the bestial nature manifests itself in short bursts, the victim having little time

to rid himself of the animal desires that have built up. The urge to kill will then be incredible, and the victim may well be forced to go on a murderous rampage. With this form of lycanthropy the change-over between human and animal form is very fast, and the victim usually has no conscious recollection of what he did when the bestial side was in control. Fortunately, most sufferers from this form of disease can be cured relatively easily, with normal brain functions returning once the disease is removed. If it has reached too advanced a stage, however, the brain may well have suffered irreversible damage, leaving a feeble-minded individual when the disease is cured.

Shape-changing lycanthropes suffer from an even more virulent form of the disease, with both physical and mental changes occurring. Within this group there are also two sub-groups: one where the two natures are split between the two different forms, and the other where there is total mixing of the two natures. The former are more common, being the epitome of those who've suppressed their animal nature. The latter is typical of those 'in tune' with this nature.

Those with suppressed animal feelings will tend to have no conscious memory of their activities in beast form – the only testimony to their activities might be wounds sustained in animal form. However, like some mental lycanthropes the memory may remain within their subconscious, waiting to be revealed through hypnosis or some great trauma – the realisation that they are a lycanthrope could be very soul-destroying. The other kind of victim will already be aware of their animal activities. These should prove to be no great strain on them, and the only problem they really face is to keep their lycanthropy a secret.

A RELAXING CHANGE

The extent to which a victim of lycanthropy takes on the animal form will vary: a werewolf can appear as anything from a wolf-man to an ordinary wolf. The more human forms may well appeal to evil, perverted people who are more out to horrify and terrorise others. Transformation would be a relatively painless affair, except in the case of those who have previously denied their nature. The change may well cause them to blackout temporarily, resulting in them merely believing that they are unwell (and suffering from terrible nightmares).

Apart from the differences in the extent to which lycanthropy affects various people, there is a variation in the species that the victim becomes or behaves like. There are two categories: specific lycanthropy, in which the victim is forced to become or behave like a specific animal, and non-specific lycanthropy, in which the person becomes or imitates the animal they are most close to in terms of mentality and physical make up. For instance, people described as 'ratty' might become wererats if affected by non-specific lycanthropy.

In both cases, the animal nature tends to manifest itself at specific times, usually associated with the cycle of the moon. The time and period of the change might possibly fall under the control of the victim, but I imagine that this would only be the case amongst a few of those in touch with their animal nature.

BUT I'M ALL RIGHT NOOOOW!

Since lycanthropy is a disease, there are cures. Ordinary, non-magical cures could work, typically preparations that affect the mind. These would slow the effects of the toxins on the brain, and

may actually stop them from increasing. Ordinarily though, mental lycanthropy needs to be cured by a skilled herbalist or healer. The type that results in an actual change in form, however, requires strong magics to counter the magical origin of the affliction, and even then a complete cure cannot be guaranteed. Holy water should have little effect – the disease and transmutation are not evil, even if the creature they produce commits evil. And, of course, you have to catch your lycanthrope before you can heal it – I can't think of too many that would be willing to co-operate or who would survive long enough!

Lycanthropy, especially the shape-changing form, would be seen as unnatural and sorcerous in the fantasy world. A known lycanthrope would be the scapegoat for a myriad of unexplained crimes – animal deaths, murders and a hundred and one other things, even if they turned out to be a harmless were-hamster. The evil reputation attributed to them is not deserved – only a few true lycanthropes could be regarded as evil. Those suffering from mental lycanthropy would be judged to be possessed and sent to have the unclean spirit exorcised from their body: the consequences being that the spirit cannot be removed and some ghastly punishment would then be inflicted to purify the body – being burnt at the stake, mutilation, or resorting to exile or imprisonment.

Before a lycanthrope can be put on trial their nature must be proven. Many of the 'reputable' means of doing so would be ineffectual, resulting in the death of many innocent people. For instance, a common test might be to sprinkle holy water on the beast form to force it to return to human form. Whilst effective on the odd sorcerous shape-shifter it would be unlikely to affect a lycanthrope, resulting in the needless slaughter of many animals. Injustice of some form could prove a useful starting point for a scenario. Clues to look out for, however, are traits and features which resemble that of the animal form, although this may be unfair on slightly deformed or overly hairy people.

Once you've found your lycanthrope, there is the problem of how to dispose of it. Mentally afflicted lycanthropes will probably be easy to deal with, and I also think that physical lycanthropes should also be as easy to kill. The idea that magical or silver weapons are required to hit were-creatures (as is the case in the rules) probably stems from a confusion between shape-shifters and lycanthropes – they are not the same thing.

The majority of shape-changing lycanthropes will assume the behavioural patterns of the animal as well as its physical attributes. To my mind they should only be fractionally more powerful than their animal counterparts, although instinctive skills might be retained in either form. Only those who are more animalistically inclined in human form will ever reach a powerful status, deriving power from the animal spirits around him. The power will be greatest in those individuals not only aware of their bestial nature, but of their links to nature itself. Whoever created this form of lycanthropy certainly did not forsee its possible power.

BEASTLY BEHAVIOUR

The versions of lycanthropes presented in the *AD&D* rules per se are either a load of rubbish, badly developed or total fiction – other role-playing games fare little better. More care is needed in their application to make them an interesting, dangerous opponent with reasons behind their actions: the notes presented here should at least provide ideas on using lycanthropes more effectively and integrating them into the game better.

The range of lycanthrope types can be quite extensive, although limited by 'natural selection'. (A mental lycanthrope who thinks he is a bat is quite likely to throw himself off the nearest high building!) Also, although you cannot really say that all werewolves (for example) are evil, you can assign some basic characteristics to each type based on its animal nature. Although it is quite obvious how some lycanthropes will behave, there some others which merit special treatment, some of which I feel should be expanded on.

Werebats are a rather unusual type of lycanthrope – they will tend to be of the large, fruit-eating variety. However, the possibility of carnivorous types, especially were-vampire bats, would provide a tricky problem for adventurers, even if it is a question of finding out which of many diseases they have contracted!

Weredogs, unlike many other lycanthropes, would not shun mankind, even going to the extreme of searching out man's settlements. A typical form would be of a large hunting dog and they may well ingratiate themselves with solitary hunters. There is a more vicious type, however, which takes the form of a large black dog about the size of a calf. Its more usual pursuits would include setting upon travellers, possibly by gaining their confidence first.

Domestic animals may not seem to be a particularly exciting form of lycanthrope, but they can be the source of some interesting adventures. There is a fascinating story about a werepig and his brother: the brother would take the 'pig' to market, and at an appropriate moment the werepig would revert to human form and slip away from his new 'owner' and back to his brother. Alas the tricksters were undone when the pig was bought and slaughtered by the new owner for his daughter's wedding feast!

There are other forms of lycanthrope which can be slotted into a game for added intrigue and atmosphere – although the GM should be wary of 'frivolous' creatures. The odd creature that your players will have to puzzle out will make for an interesting play if not overused. Remember that lycanthropes need a special touch to be played well; the victim in human form is often strange and affected.

I try to limit character-lycanthrope conflict and I don't actually relish the idea of a *player* character becoming a lycanthrope. It is far better for players to think their way through trouble to avoid infection, as it is up to the DM to provide an interesting challenge rather than a hackneyed presentation of an interesting range of creatures. □

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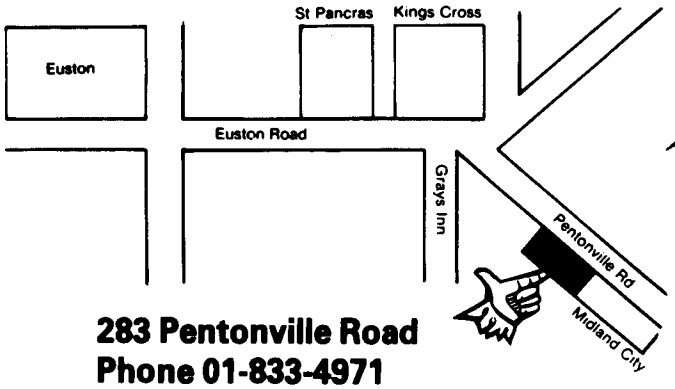

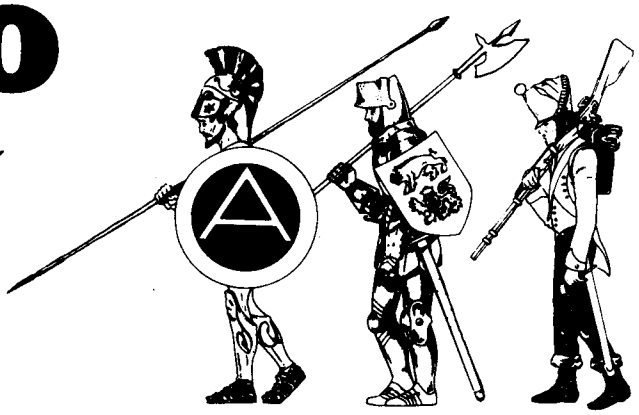

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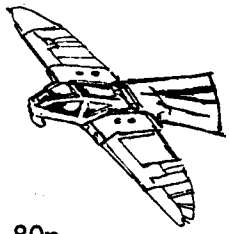

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"Stamping on frogs," the Rigellian complained, "is not in accordance with protocol."

Sumner took no notice and continued to stamp. His arms waved wildly, and from time to time he gave out an unearthly shriek; the only other sound was the soft repeated *squelch* of frogs, or froglike things.

"Feigning insanity is not a new trick," mused the Rigellian, whose name was Arik. "I know nothing of your history, but ours is full of tales concerning prisoners attempting to escape in just such a fashion . . . in violation of our unspoken code."

He paused significantly.

Gibbering horribly, Sumner stamped – squelch! – squelch! – all round the oval cell. He paused for a brief epileptic fit, and then trembled in the beginning spasms of a berserk psychotic episode. More of the froggy things became two-dimensional. Arik, whose face was a solid mask of bone, remained imperturbable (if only because he had to).

"In such a grave case as this, we must assume that the deranged condition is induced by confinement; one obvious solution is to release the sufferer on a temporary basis –" He turned his whole body to stare at Sumner (having no neck that could be twisted round); the by now dribbling Sumner gave absolutely no sign of sanity or understanding.

"– This being out of the question, nerve-induction therapy is our only hope. The Rigel Bloc is always concerned about the health of prisoners, and the excellent results of NI therapy must surely justify the peculiarly agonizing nature of the actual process . . ."

The squelching stopped, temporarily.

"The possibility of a spontaneous recovery should not be discounted," said Sumner in suddenly lucid tones.

Arik left without further comment, pondering on the ways of men. Having nothing better to do, Sumner idly continued to stamp on frogs.

The trap had worked perfectly. Obviously Earth couldn't be content with the wary trickle of information (a mere few thousand pages a day) exchanged through the neutral Contact Zone out in deep space: to be one up, they fancied having a Rigellian hostage.

One-man and one-Rigellian messenger ships continually plunged into and erupted from the Contact Zone dock. The Zone was simply a number of odd Earthly and Rigellian ships bolted together into an unlovely mess looking like a million tons of derelict scaffolding afloat in space: space crawled with craft coming and going. Problem: to capture one of Their people without fuss. Answer: cunning Earth technicians built an exact replica of a typical Rigellian one-man ship, and swapped it for one of the genuine ones in what they called the Zone's car park. It wasn't a very good replica when it came to the interior, but by the time the unfortunate Rigellian passenger had taken a good look at the interior the airlock closed and the infalliable and unchangeable autopilot sent him zooming off to Earth.

The trap had worked perfectly, then. A genuine Rigellian had been captured; now, at last, they could get to work! *In depth* study to reveal the secret of the strangely human Rigellian mind, the weird and inhuman variety of Rigellian body-shapes, and the oddly shielded Rigellian mind, on which mindtrackers couldn't lock – no chance without one of following them through the secret paths underneath space to their own system.

Young Ensign John Sumner had run for his messenger ship when he heard the trap had worked: his message read roughly *Kill the fatted oknon* (a delicacy prized by Rigellians), *our guest is coming!* Travelling from Zone to Earth by a quicker non-space route than the automatic capture-ship, he could easily get there first . . . he was so excited that he was into his small craft and halfway to the control cabin before he noticed that something was wrong, that the decor looked peculiar, that the airlock had closed automatically behind him, that already the autopilot was boosting the ship clear of the Zone, undoubtedly in the direction of Rigel . . .

The trap had worked perfectly.

Arik felt a little uncomfortable in the presence of an inferior. *He can't help his caste*, he told himself. In truth, the Manipulator was, as his caste name suggested, mobile to the point of indecency – a bundle of writhing multipurpose limbs. In such company, Arik always found himself exaggerating the proud, stiff movements of his own Overseer's rank. One grasping limb and two for walking: so much more *dignified* . . . His thoughts flashed longingly to the Thinkers.

"What do you wish, Overseer?"

With amusement, Arik noticed that the Manipulator was trying to make his own movements less fluid – ideas above his station, eh? "More tads must be supplied; the Terran destroyed many of them. Before you replace them, it is necessary to convince him not to repeat his actions."

"Shall you convince him by superior logic, Overseer?" said the awed Manipulator.

"Hardly."

The other knotted his tentacles in concentration. "Can we not tranquillize the Terran?"

"No. The mildest tranquillizers like cyanide have a bad effect on his metabolism; and he is difficult to resuscitate. It exhausts the Healers."

"Oh, yes," said the Manipulator, stiffening a trifle further at the warming thought of his own inferiors.

"Perhaps something mildly salutary

might be achieved with the aid of a Sewage Processor." Arik outlined his suggestion. "Remember, this project is most important. An adequate performance could mean extra status for your whole family line." *And mine*, Arik thought. *My offspring could be Thinkers yet.*

The Manipulator's control began to slip, his limbs writhing obscenely once more. Arik stepped stiffly back, his rigid features projecting distaste as well as they could.

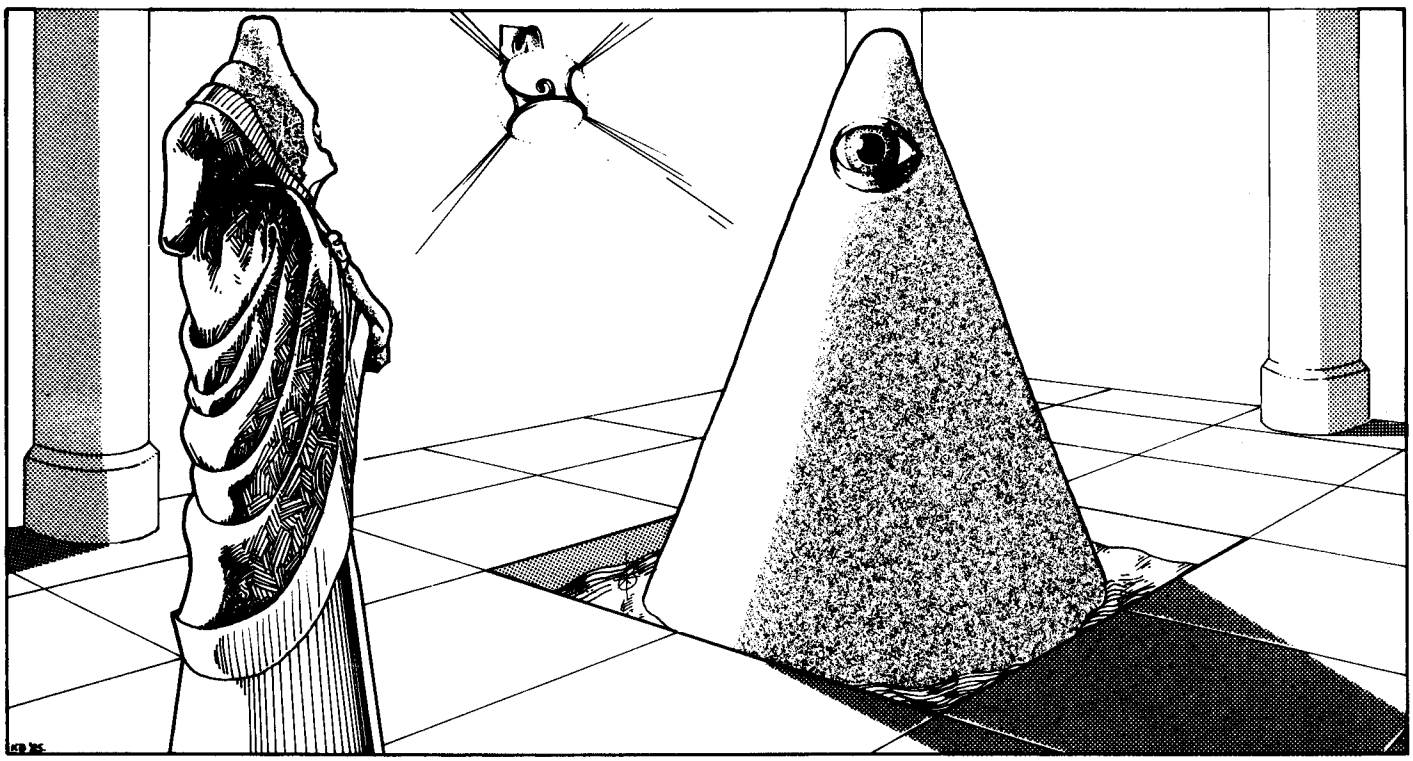
"Failure, of course, may entail the raising of your young as . . . Sewage Processors."

The Manipulator froze in salute and fled.

The frogs were not frogs, of course: they were warm-blooded and fuzzy for a start, though otherwise startlingly froglike. When he had first been put in the cell with them, Sumner had naturally assumed the place to be the Rigellian equivalent of a snake pit, and had stayed awake for more than forty hours avoiding the aimlessly rambling things – just in case. As sleep crept up on him in various ways, he commended his soul to the care of more gods than he'd known he could remember.

Walking, he found himself in a cluster of seemingly inoffensive frogs. Their company kept him warm – and Theory Number Two was that they were the Rigellian equivalent of bedding.

"Not very clean bedding, either," he muttered, trying to wipe away the results of their tiny digestive systems.



The cell itself was half of an ovoid, around eight metres long and four wide. Its walls were a sickly pink, vaguely translucent. It had no features besides the pool in the centre, which was full of a loathsome goo which Arik insisted was a vitaminized and nutritious broth. On this Sumner and the frogs fed, their table manners being better adapted to floor-level food than his . . . The place was kept clean by something like a giant purple amoeba, which oozed methodically across the floor leaving a trail of shiny cleanliness. Arik called it a Sewage Processor, which seemed fair enough.

So the weeks or possibly months went by. Sumner was questioned, but not with any urgency. Arik seemed to be passing the time, and no more.

But as he washed his clothing one day, cursing the unsuitability of vitaminized mineralized glucose-rich soup for this purpose, he daydreamed of rescue . . . Lieutenant Malsenn of the Fleet flagship blasting the wall down and congratulating him on his resistance to fiendish treatment, whipping out the Nova Award medal in all its garishness and pinning it to Sumner's chest. Some hope. If he was in the zone of the Rigellian Bloc, he would therefore be outside mind-tracker range. Lost, lost, lost. How could he increase his mind-power by a factor of ten or so, to show up on Earth's distant screens – by mental weight-lifting?

Then he noticed something about the frogs. They were bigger, distinctly bigger. They were growing.

"Augh! I see it all!" he shrieked. "The slow torture – huger and huger – forty-odd of them – crushed to death!"

Either that, or they'd turn on him and savagely rend him when once they were grown. Had Arik not seemed to be *waiting* for something? The cunning, cunning fiends.

It was then that Sumner began stamping on frogs.

Arik led the Manipulator and the Sewage Processor into the cell: they entered in that order, which was as it should be, the fastest-moving and thus lowest-caste creature at the back. The sight within was appalling. Mangled tads – frogs, the Earthman insisted on calling them – were everywhere; Sumner was just hurling the last one speculatively against the wall. It bounced.

"Forty-love," said Sumner to the empty air.

"It is inadvisable to act in this fashion," said Arik; his subordinates, not knowing English, said nothing.

"Go to hell," Sumner remarked.

Arik motioned stiffly. It was beneath his dignity to convey orders to the Processor, but the Manipulator made the appropriate signs: the sewage-lover slid smoothly across the floor absorbing deceased tads, while the Earthmen watched incuriously.

"A lesson," said Arik, motioning again to the Manipulator. The order was passed on and the Sewage Processor put on a sudden turn of speed, flowing towards Sumner, who retreated hastily. Arik watched his movements critically, especially the curious jointing: if there were a caste between Overseer and Manipulator, the Earthman would fit in there. At the moment he was pressing himself against the wall as if trying to be completely immobile, and could back away no farther: the Processor reached him and carried out its orders. Sounds almost at the limits of Arik's hearing range came from the Terran's mouth.

"A lesson," said Arik as the Processor retreated jerkily. "You will not molest any further the creatures you call frogs."

"There aren't any left," said Sumner slowly from floor. To Arik's interested gaze, he appeared to be leaking slightly at the lower extremities. What disgusting habits these Earthfolk had!

"There will be more," said Arik as he turned ponderously to go. The Manipulator followed at a discreet distance, and last of all came the Sewage Processor. It was not a healthy colour: the tiny ingestion of Terran protein must have disagreed with it.

But who could feel sympathy for a mere Sewage Processor?

Sure enough, a new batch of forty-odd frogs, tads, whatever you called them, arrived only one sleep later. Sumner decided that this time he'd be nice to them – considering that the alternative was apparently to have a purple flesh-

eating amoeba turned loose on him by an octopus with too many arms, while that unspeakable Arik watched impassively. Arik, he decided, was a burly scarecrow with not enough joints.

His ankles and feet still hurt, but new skin seemed to be growing: there wasn't any infection, either through careful design or because local bugs were harmless – no, design, the bacteria on his own skin or in his own blood could make life nasty for him without foreign aid.

All this confirmed his fear that the frogs were eventually to form some sinister threat to him. He decided, then, to win them over while they were still small and pink and impressionable. At first he took the negative approach of pointedly not stamping on them; then he moved on to stroking them and making encouraging noises, or murmuring sweet nothings in the vicinity of where their ears ought to be.

Arik seemed not to object to this.

Again, weeks passed. Again, the frogs grew.

Sumner increased his efforts. He had never seen them as huge – the size of dogs now, and flopping out of shape like overfed basset-hounds.

"Nice doggy, er, nice froggy," he crooned, tickling the largest. It didn't look like a frog at all, now. What the devil did it look like?

"Nice thingy, nice thingy, say hello to Daddy."

The huge ex-frog rolled slowly over.

In a high voice it said "Daddeeee . . . "

Arik stood carefully still before the Thinker. This Thinker was his personal master, and was even more neurotic than most Thinkers when it came to the delicate matter of mobility – this nauseated and disgusted him, which was why no Rigellian below the rank of Overseer was permitted in this chamber at all.

Even Overseers had to wait outside the door long enough to give the Thinker time to close his eye – to shut off the awful sight of primitive Mobility as the visitor entered the room and made ready for a long session of perfect, painful stillness.

"Infiltration," conveyed the huge cone which was the Thinker, motionless in his floor-pond.

"Yes," said Arik. "As yet, the tads are still feeding themselves up to the required mass . . . in due course there will be plenty for all purposes. Dissection, psych tests, weapons trials, and so on. Things proceed smoothly."

"Excellent. If this continues, your tad will be raised in this room. I have spoken."

"The honour is great." Arik exulted: it could hardly be greater. "But more Terrans will be needed, especially if the infiltration programme is to continue."

"Impossible."

"Why is this?"

"Precautions have been taken to ensure that the Terrans do not acquire a second hostage. Identical precautions have been taken by Earth, against our glorious Bloc. Sumner is all you have."

Arik almost twitched with impatience, but restrained himself – not here! "Are there other instructions?"

"No. You may go now." Painfully, shamefully, the eye closed – the only motion which even the Thinker must undergo. Without exception, the only motion: Thinkers absorbed nutrient from the pools in which they stood.

When the eye was quite shut, Arik turned and silently left.

Frog-babies – like the pig-baby in *Alice*? Strange that he hadn't noticed before how people-shaped most of them were now. They had fed continuously, growing at an amazing rate; now, swollen and inert, they lay there pulsing, rippling, gradually changing.

Into men.

Sumner thought hard, dragging himself from the daydream of Lieutenant Malsenn of the flagship (who every night or so blasted down the walls and rescued him. Sometimes Sumner got all the way back to Earth with as many as seven medals before he woke up). This is some trick, courtesy of the Rigel Bloc, he thought: a sort of chameleon that turns into what it's exposed to. What's the advantage? Well, if they have a rough copy of me they'll have someone to take apart . . .

In fact, they'll very likely use these pseudo-Earthmen for all sorts of nasty things like weapons trials . . .

But whatever happens, *they*, the copies, will get out of this cell, now won't they?

Sumner looked for one which resembled him enough for what he had in mind.

Chameleons, he thought again. Now that he looked at the faces carefully . . . All of them looked like him.

He dressed one laboriously in his soup-stained clothes and stood back, shivering slightly, to examine the effect. The other things which were no longer frogs writhed feebly from side to side, but didn't seem quite conscious. The clothed one smiled. He looked clever enough to talk.

Amazing, thought Arik. *The trance of the final forming has been reached amazingly quickly; but we knew that tads forming themselves on an Earth-man would not behave predictably.*

He thought of his own tad-to-be: oh joy, that it should be chosen to form itself on a Thinker!

The Terran did not speak. Neither, naturally, did any of the tads: they had had their bodily forming, which was Terran, but their minds should as yet be blank.

The Manipulator prodded the clothed Terran, who rolled to one side and said "Damn you."

"We have finished with you," said Arik. "Psychoexamination – perhaps with NI therapy, no? – and then the Processors can have you."

The Terran screamed. Arik, not wishing to have him go unknowing into the final immobility, explained the way of Rigel: how the tads were raised with one of their chosen caste, growing into the shape of that caste before the mind developed.

"You lack imagination, do you not?" said Arik mildly. "Rigellian spies in your shape will now penetrate Earth and all its subject worlds – and you have formed them without knowing it."

"I know now," muttered the Earthman, and leapt forward, only to be neatly entwined by the Manipulator's tentacles.

But simultaneously: "I know now," said a dozen at least of the supine tad/Terrans, and struggled upright.

"*What?*" Had Arik's jaw been mobile, it would have dropped.

Sumner stayed quiet. He saw it all – the tads, the Rigellian young, had duplicated his mind as well as his body. An intuitive flash: mindtrackers didn't work on Rigellians because their minds were naturally shielded. But Sumner's wasn't.

He listened as this was explained in low whispers by several of the other Sumners.

Mindtracker – a thought that led to another thought.

Arik and the Manipulator, the odd octopus, turned to each other, spoke in the low whistles of high Rigellian, and left.

"We'll be all right," said Sumner confidently, laying hands at last on that elusive thought.

"That's too obvious for words –" said a second Sumner.

"Unless they slaughter us now –" put in a third.

"Thirty-odd of us with the same mind –" (a fourth).

"We'll be like a beacon in the mindtracker screen –" (a fifth).

"Even at this range. The rescue squad could be on its way already," said Sumner sulkily. He hated sharing credit for brilliant insights. Even with himself.

There was a tremendous explosion. The walls trembled.

"Sooner than you thought," said a clique of twenty Sumners, with slight variations in phrasing.

"Look here," said Sumner, "when they pull us out of here we must have a spokesman. Now I'm the original, and I can prove it by these scars where that jellyfish thing dribbled on me –".

He stopped. Several of the others were chanting in chorus with him, indicating faint but horribly familiar scars on their feet and ankles.

"*I'm* the real one," they all screamed. Shots sounded outside.

"I remember Earth," said Sumner, as a fist struck his jaw.

"I have this *other* scar –" said Sumner viciously.

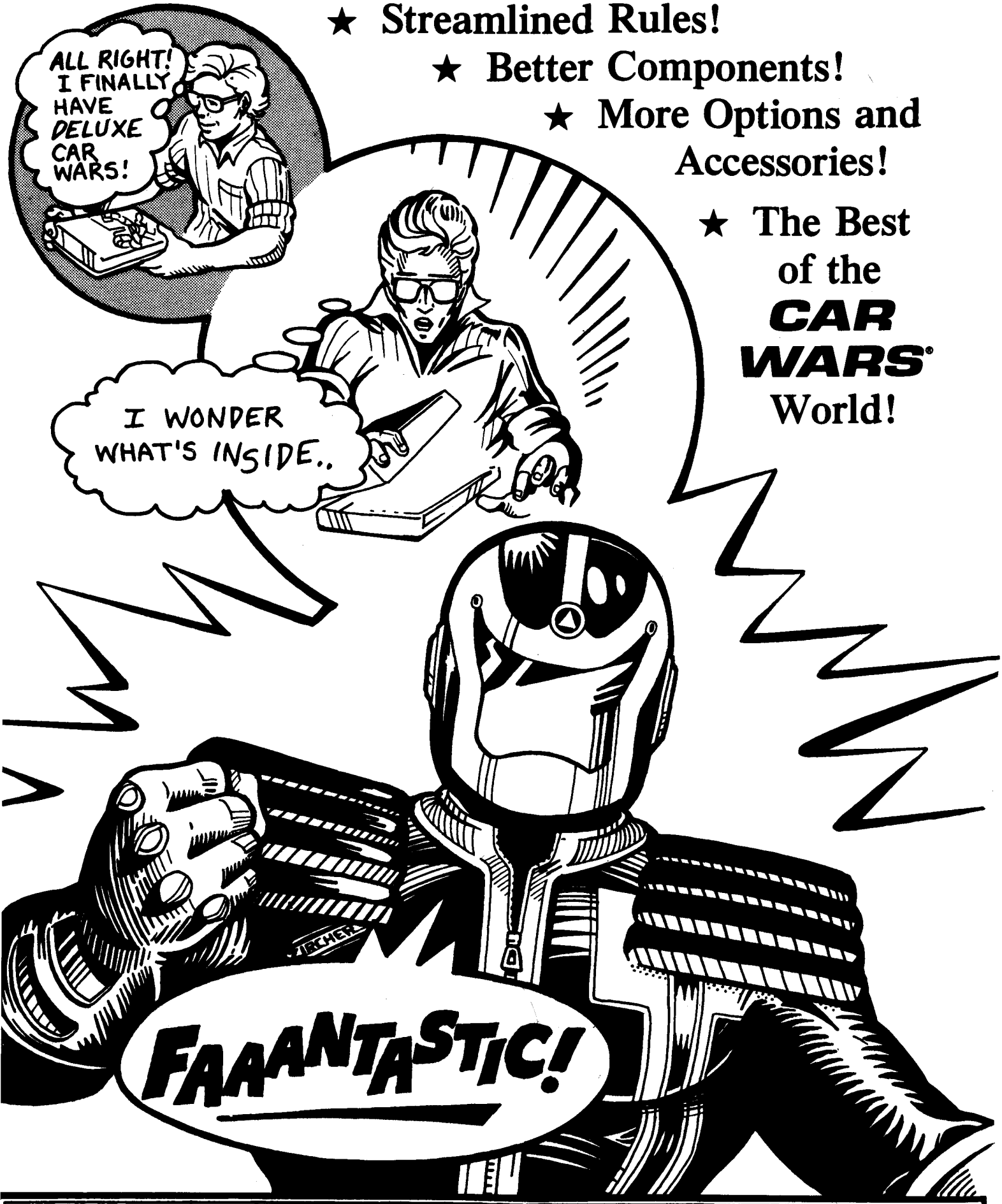
"I – you rotten swine!" said Sumner, going down before a kick forbidden by the Queensberry rules.

Sumner lay there groaning while Sumner slugged Sumner in the belly and Sumner jumped up and down on a recumbent, almost unconscious Sumner whose teeth were fixed in the ankle of (who else?) Sumner . . .

More explosions; more shots; several metres of wall glowed red and melted. Lieutenant Malsenn of the Fleet flagship stood triumphantly there, the blaster in his hand still glowing dully at its discharge cone.

"Ensign Sumner, I presume –" It was obviously a prepared line. But then he looked at the struggle, and gaped. His voice weakened.

"Stamping on Sumners," the Lieutenant complained, "is not in accordance with protocol."□



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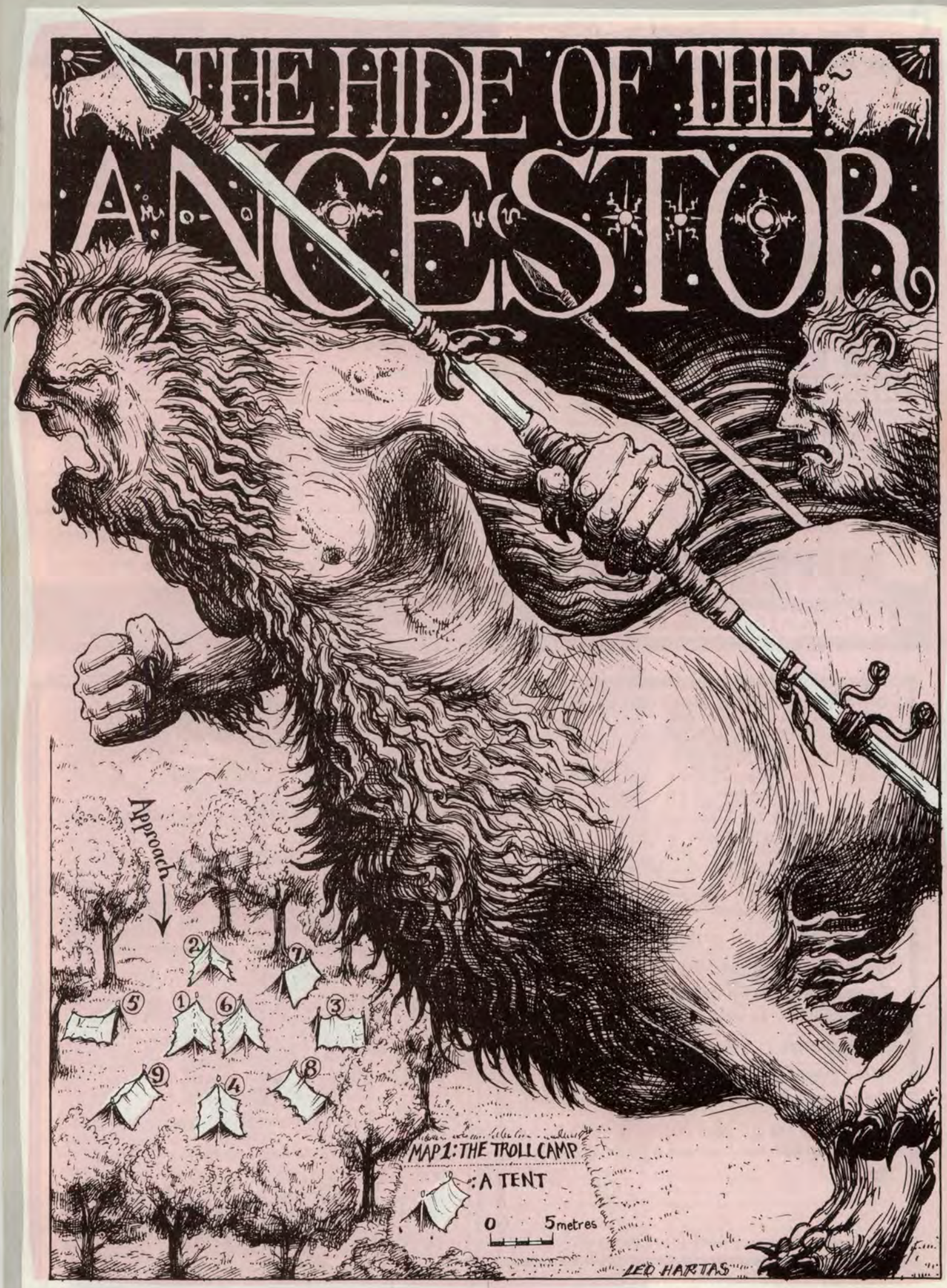

A Scenario for RuneQuest, by Chris Watson

This scenario has been written specifically for 2nd edition *RuneQuest* – referees of the 3rd edition will need to modify it accordingly. Party strength should be limited to characters with weapon skills in the range 55-75%, with no Rune Magic and little or no stored POW.

REFEREE'S BACKGROUND

It is little known but true that there are a total of twenty six tribes of Ithillian-Fane, of both plains and mountain variety, scattered around Prax, Dragon Pass, Balazar, the Elder Wilds, Dorastor, and Talastar. For details on the Ithillian-Fane see the section at the end of this scenario.

The Hide of the Ancestor is a holy relic of the Ithillian-Fane made by the Ancestor, the first Ithillian-Fane, from the hide of a bison; it is the first shelter (a leaning wind break supported by a light wooden frame). For details of the Hide see the section at the end of this scenario.

The Hide is, traditionally, the heritage of all Ithillian-Fane and is retained by each tribe for one full year, until the Fated Warriors of the next year's custodians take the responsibility for the safety of the Hide on themselves and their tribe.

The Fated Warriors of the Spirit Scar tribe (which resides in the central part of the hills on the eastern border of Beast Valley) are now carrying the Hide home from the Great Claw tribe (which resides in the forested hills which nestle against the Skyreach mountains just west of the Grazelands).

Every day at noon, the Shaman-Priest Shawanii performs a *divination* to monitor their progress. But today he has found that the Fated have made less than half the progress expected. A second *divination* reveals the reason. They are all slain.

At once Shawanii gathers the warriors of the tribe and leads them north.

PLAYERS' BACKGROUND

This scenario is in the nature of an extended encounter and the reasons for the players being in the right place at the right time is up to the referee.

Getting Involved

At some time after noon the party strike a shallow valley bottom where three bodies lie in disarray (give the players a description of the Ithillian-Fane, not the name). As the players examine the area things should become apparent:

1. A large melee has taken place here.
2. There is a great deal more blood than three bodies could account for.
3. Each body has a short spear, medium shield, leather hauberk and vambraces.
4. The tracks of the dead come into the valley from the west and are intercepted by humanoid tracks (possibly recognisable as troll) from the north and heading southeast after the encounter. (Tracking roll required.)

The Ithillian-Fane Arrive

Shawanii will have a number of warriors with him equal to four times the number of the party. On arrival they will spread out into a crescent and stop, spears and shields ready. Shawanii, alone, will come forward to speak to the party (Shawanii will almost instantly be aware that the party is not responsible for the carnage, but it is not necessary for the party to know that). He will begin to speak in Beastspeech but, if necessary, will resort to Tradetalk to communicate his will to the party.

He will express his opinion that the presence of the party here and is now an expression of fate and that the party is, by their very presence involved in what has happened and what is now to happen. He will express his wish that the party return with him to the camp of the tribe. He will then walk away, assuming that the party will follow; the rest of the Ithillian-Fane will wait until they do!

Five Ithillian-Fane will remain as the party are escorted away; three to carry the bodies and two to read the tracks and scout the area.

THE CAMP

The camp consists of fifty or more shelters (leaning wind-breaks made of hide and supported by light wooden frames), around a large clear area. On a nearby hill stands the remains of a small stone castle; the walls are a metre high and overgrown, and only a single storey of the keep survives.

Shawanii will lead the party through the crowded camp to his own shelter (which is quite large), and the warriors who were with him will disperse. Shawanii will offer the party raw meat and water and will leave them to their own devices until nightfall; warning them only that they should not attempt to leave the camp.

THE BURIAL

Shawanii will return near nightfall and invite the party to attend the funerals of the three Ithillian-Fane they found dead. To those who wish to attend he will explain the Daka Fal funeral rite and instruct them in what they must and must not do (*Cults of Prax*, p14).

The three were bachelors and are thus carried on the hides of their shelters. The torch-lit procession will weave its way through the night for a little over an hour to a large, bare stone gulley where many wooden platforms stand. Three new platforms, built during the day, stand near the eastern end of the gulley. Each body is placed on its own platform, open to the elements; anyone who wishes to then places a gift on one or more of the platforms. These gifts include a warrior's weapons and shield, the hide of his shelter (on which he lies), and anything which meant something to both the dead and the giver. The Daka Fal rite will then take place; lead by Shawanii.

SHAWANII

The party spend the rest of the night in Shawanii's shelter.

After breaking his fast (fresh raw meat given to him by the hunters of the tribe) Shawanii will explain the situation to the party.

'We,' he will begin, 'are the custodians of the Hide of the Ancestor, which is a holy relic of great magical power. Our Fated Warriors were returning this artifact to the tribe; now they are dead and the Hide is lost to us all. Great is the honour debt of the tribe; and as it was you who found first the death place of our Fated, this burden is also yours. But fate and the Ancestor will choose those of the tribe who shall redeem our honour. Your situation is not so simple; first you must prove yourselves worthy of the test of fate. Your champion must meet the champion of the tribe to determine your fate.'

Should the characters ask if combat is to be to the death, Shawanii will reply: 'Only if fate demands, otherwise till one or the other cannot continue.'

If the party state that they do not wish to fight, then he will be forced to tell them: 'You do not understand. You are involved; either you attempt to prove yourself worthy to be tested or the tribe will fall upon you and slay you all. This is our way. Either you go forward or you die.'

COMBAT

All the tribe will watch the combat. Their champion is Kymry, a Daka Fal Rune Lord.

If the combat is won, or even nobly fought, the party will be found acceptable to be tested. The combatants may wear only leather armour but may use the melee weapons of their choice. No spiritual or magical intervention is permitted.

Shawanii will cast *resurrection* on a dead party member if asked, and will charge only a year's service if the recipient is found unacceptable at the testing. Any severed limbs will be healed for no charge.

THE TESTING

At dawn Shawanii will lead the adult members of the tribe and the party to the nearby ruined castle. The outside walls of the ground floor of the keep still stand to a height of two metres and have been roofed over by many hides sewn together, making a large, low-ceilinged room. There is a large fire below the smoke hole in the centre of the room. All the members of the tribe present, save only Shawanii, form a great circle around the fire and lie down facing the fire. Room is left clear for the party and Shawanii will indicate that they should join the circle. Shawanii will then circle around the outside and, from a leather sack slung at this waist, hand everyone present a small, knobbly root. He will indicate to the party that they should eat it. He will wait until they have done so before leaving the room.

When the party have eaten the tough, fibrous root they will come to feel more and more relaxed. They will not realise that they cannot move unless they try to do so.

Each player must make a CON×5 roll each hour for eight hours. If the roll is successful then nothing will occur in that hour: the character stares at the fire, smells smoke, hears wood burning; occasionally someone will get up and leave, he will hear people cry out in tongues known and unknown; the fire may shape itself into images of the past.

When a CON×5 roll fails that character will have a 'dream' if he then succeeds in

making a POW×5 roll. (The referee *may* wish a character to have an encounter with a dead friend, hero or god. The 'soul root' he has eaten makes these things possible.) Unless a player has a 'god dream' select one from those provided.

As soon as the dream has occurred that person is free to move. He will be met as he leaves by Shawanii who will ask to hear his dream and will interpret it.

A number of Ithillian-Fane equal to that of the party plus Kymry the Rune Lord will have had favourable dreams. Each player will run an Ithillian-Fane in addition to their own character the referee will run Kymry.

Dreams

1. You stand in a dark forest. You can see by an eerie half-light. There is no sound. The trees are black and seem malevolent. You become aware that you are on a path, walking. Intermittently you hear noises: your breath and footsteps, howling, the clatter of weapons on shields, the screams of maimed men and women, the roar of a battle. You can see many footprints upon the path, ranging in size from very large to very small. An ugly, corrupt human form confronts you upon the path and you slay it after a long, hard fight. The forest becomes a little brighter and you feel both sad and proud.

2. Yelm is very hot; he sucks the moisture and strength from you as you walk on an endless plain of scorched grass. Thirst is a fire raging through your body; this is the way it has always been, will always be, you know only this. Far away there is a small blob of darkness. You begin to run, this is new. As you come closer you see it is a black-clad man sitting at a small camp fire, staring into the flames. You call out to him but he does not respond. You see he has a water-skin and you reach down and pick it up, seeking to quench the awful thirst but the water-skin is empty. You drop it and begin to laugh and cry at the same time. Distantly you see the old man reach with both hands into the fire. He scoops up a double handful of flames, they form a pool in his hands like liquid. He offers the fire to you. At once you kneel before him and drink. Your thirst is eased and vitality pours through you. You look into the old man's eyes for a moment and he smiles. As you walk away the thought comes to you that you know who the old man is.

3. It is dark and silent. Every inch of your body is pressed against firm, moist earth. With growing horror you realise you have been buried alive. You begin to writhe, to claw and scrape at the earth, searching for a way out. You slowly, painfully crawl upward through the earth. Eventually you reach the surface. It is night and the red moon burns full above you. Nearby there is a ruined keep and you begin to walk towards it. Your unnaturally heightened sense of smell brings you the scent of death and decay which you recognise as being other ghouls. You throw back your head and howl in despair. Other howls answer you from nearby as your new kin rush to greet you. You turn and flee from them, overcome by fear and horror. You run through a graveyard until you come to a low, truncated hill with a great, dark monolith at its summit. Pursued, you climb the hill. You feel the monolith's ancient power and are afraid. You come near to it, knowing that if you touch it it will destroy you. The other ghouls call you to come away, to join them. The choice is clear. You reach out to the monolith and touch . . .

4. You walk in the dark on a paved road. To your right hangs a dead man, strung from the branch of an old tree. A chill wind touches your heart, the man is you, and the thing which kills you stands at your back. Already you know you cannot defeat it. You try to walk faster but your limbs are as ice and the next step is never completed. Your mind turns to water and you begin to whimper in fear; you cannot run, as you wish, from that which is behind you in the great darkness, reaching out for you. You feel a hand touch yours; at once you are filled with strength and courage. You turn and face the dark.

If there are more than four people in the party you will need to invent more dreams, remembering only that the shaman must interpret the dream as being positive.

Those who are found acceptable at the testing will be scarred on the upper right arm with the Spirit rune. The wounds will be bound with leaves which aid healing but do not inhibit scarring. These scars are the beginnings of a design to be completed after the Hide is recovered.

The Fated Warriors of the party and the Ithillian-Fane will leave the same day as the testing. The trail will be cold but the Ithillian-Fane are superb trackers and will make light work of it. A two day forced march will bring the group, late in the day, to the outskirts of troll woods (any suitable encounters may occur during this time).

The trail leads clearly through the forest to the troll camp, which will be reached shortly before dusk.

STATISTICS
SHAWANII, MALE ITHILLIAN-FANE, DAKA FAL SHAMAN/PRIEST

STR:	13	Right Hind Leg	(01-02)	0/6
CON:	15	Left Hind Leg	(03-04)	0/6
SIZ:	19	Hindquarters	(05-06)	0/8
INT:	16	Forequarters	(07-09)	0/8
POW:	21(8)	Right Fore Leg	(10-11)	0/6
DEX:	9	Left Fore Leg	(12-13)	0/6
CHA:	14	Chest	(14)	2/8
Move:	10	Right Arm	(15-16)	1/6
HP:	19	Left Arm	(17-18)	1/6
Defence:	15%	Head	(19-20)	1/7

Bite: (1d6+1d4) SR8, 45%.
Claw: (1d6+1d4) SR8, 45%, Parry 45%, Points 15.
2H Short Spear: (1d8+1+1d4) SR5, 45%, Parry 45%, Points 15.
Spells: *Mobility, binding, healing 6, glue 5, demoralise, repair* (see also Spirits).
Rune Magic: *Divination* (×2), *extension* 3, *warding* 2, *spirit block* 4, *free ghost, summon ancestor* (×2), *resurrection*.
Skills: Map Making 45%, Climbing 45%, Hide

Item 45%, Jumping 45%, Set Trap 45%, Listen 75%, Spot Hidden 85%, Spot Trap 70%, Tracking 80%, Move Quietly 45%, Hide in Cover 45%, Camouflage 45%, Evaluate Treasure 50%, Oratory 80%.
Languages: Beastspeech 85%, Tradetalk 50%, Spiritspeech 100%.
Magic Items: POW 16 *Storage Crystal*, POW 4 *Storage Crystal* (contains Cub), POW 5 *Storage Crystal* (contains Wildpaw), bronze wristband with *shimmer 3* matrix.
Treasure: 10L, 1W.
Spirits: Hotblood, Fetch, INT:14, POW:19. Spells: *disruption, farsee, ignite, countermagic* 4, *dispel magic* 4. Cub, Bound, INT:5, POW:10. Spells: *Clawsharp* 4, *detect enemies*. Wildpaw, Bound, INT:10, POW: 21. Spells: *Detect life, detect magic, detect spirit, detect traps*. Ancestral spirit 1, friendly, INT: 6, POW: 8. Ancestral spirit 2, friendly, INT:12, POW:18. Spells: *Multimissile* 1, *disruption, xenohealing* 2. Rune Magic: *divination* 1, *shield* 2. Controlled spirits: Fear, INT:12, POW:13; Terror, INT:17, POW:27; Shelter, INT:16, POW:24.

KYMRY, MALE ITHILLIAN-FANE, DAKA FAL RUNE LORD

STR:	19	Right Hind Leg	(01-02)	0/5
CON:	14	Left Hind Leg	(03-04)	0/5
SIZ:	20	Hindquarters	(05-06)	0/7
INT:	10	Forequarters	(07-09)	7/7
POW:	15	Right Fore Leg	(10-11)	0/5
DEX:	19	Left Fore Leg	(12-13)	0/5
CHA:	12	Chest	(14)	7/7
Move:	10	Right Arm	(15-16)	4/5
HP:	16	Left Arm	(17-18)	4/5
Defence:	20%	Head	(19-20)	5/6

Bite: (2d6) SR5, 95%.
Claw: (2d6) SR5, 100%.
1H Short Spear: (2d6+1) SR3, 115%, Parry 80%, Points 15.
Medium Shield: Parry 100%, Points 12.
Spells: *Disruption, mobility, binding, repair, healing* 5 (see also Spirits).
Skills: Map Making 40%, Climbing 60%, Jump 70%, Set Trap 55%, Listen 85%, Spot Hidden 80%, Spot Trap 70%, Track 95%, Hide 70%, Move Quietly 95%, Oratory 60%.
Languages: Beastspeech 60%, Tradetalk 30%.
Magic Items: Spear with *bladesharp* 2 matrix, POW 6 *Storage Crystal* (contains Dullmind), iron earring (contains Brightmind).
Treasure: 2 gems (32L, 105L), 8L, silver arrowhead on silver chain (53L).
Spirits: Brightmind, Allied, INT:16, POW:21. Spells: *Countermagic* 4, *spirit shield* 2, *farsee, harmonise, spirit binding, silence, detect enemies, detect life, detect spirit, detect trap*. Rune Magic: *Shield* 1. Dullmind, Bound, INT:3, POW:10. Spells: *Ignite, light*.

IMBRY, MALE ITHILLIAN-FANE, DAKA FAL INITIATE

STR:	11	Right Hind Leg	(01-02)	0/3
CON:	10	Left Hind Leg	(03-04)	0/3
SIZ:	19	Hindquarters	(05-06)	0/5
INT:	12	Forequarters	(07-09)	2/5
POW:	14	Right Fore Leg	(10-11)	0/3
DEX:	18	Left Fore Leg	(12-13)	0/3
CHA:	5	Chest	(14)	2/5
Move:	10	Right Arm	(15-16)	1/3
HP:	10	Left Arm	(17-18)	1/3
Defence:	10%	Head	(19-20)	3/3

Bite: (1d6+1d4) SR6, 50%.
Claw: (1d6+1d4) SR6, 55%.
1H Short Spear: (1d8+1+1d4) SR4, 65%, Parry 35%, Points 15.
Medium Shield: Parry 50%, Points 12.
Spells: *Healing* 2, *shimmer* 2, *mobility, silence*.
Skills: Jump 50%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track 75%, Move Quietly 45%.
Languages: Beastspeech 65%, Spiritspeech 50%.

As many Ithillian-Fane as are needed should be generated by the referee using Imbry as a model.

Troll Characters
Troll type, cult, and status are listed below. They should be generated by the referee who should make them as strong or weak as he feels necessary. *Trollpak, Foes* and *Runemasters* will prove useful if you have access to them.

THE CAMP (MAP 1)
The camp is in a rough clearing and consists of nine tents of thick, heavy hide. There is also a heap of debris not yet large enough to be tunnelled into and used as an abode.

The six trollkin Hunter Lay Members will be about when the group arrives on the scene, and will be evenly spaced around the camp. Unless they are killed silently and simultaneously they will raise the alarm.

The Hunter Tents
Tent One: The dark troll Hunter Priest. Contents: a large pile of sleeping-furs, a small chest containing three flasks (4 doses, *Healing* 6; 2 doses, *Systemic Poison Antidote* 4; 3 doses, *Blade Venom Antidote* 4), 5 javelins, the *Hide of the Ancestor* (amongst the sleeping-furs).

Tent Two: Three dark troll Hunter Initiates. Contents: sleeping-furs, two long spears, a finely crafted drinking horn (95L), a small clay statue of Kyger Litor, a small finely crafted bone box (60L) filled with the teeth of many animals.

Tent Three: The four trollkin Hunter Initiates. Contents: sleeping-furs, a bone flute, a small leather sack hanging from the tent post containing 20 griffin claws.
Tent Four: Six trollkin Hunter Lay Members (on guard duty round camp site). Contents: sleeping furs only.

Tent Five: Three food trollkin (bound).

The Zorak Zoran Tents
Tent Six: A dark troll Zorak Zoran Death Lord. Contents: a large pile of sleeping-furs, a small lead statue of Zorak Zoran which does 1d3 *disruption* damage to any non-cult member who touches it, a large polished bronze mirror (45L), a grease-proof leather sack containing sundry items of food which do not bear talking about, a sack containing a set of high quality 'town' clothes (troll size).

Tent Seven: The four dark troll Zorak Zoran Initiates and the great troll Zorak Zoran Initiate. Contents: sleeping furs, a considerable amount of debris from their last dozen or so meals, a keg of Rainbow Delight (half-empty), five leather drinking jacks, a ruined large shield, a plain ring set with a ruby (2500L) which will require a special Spot Hidden to find (one of the trolls lost it over a season ago).

Tent Eight: Three dark troll Zorak Zoran Lay Members. Contents: sleeping furs, the head and half the shaft of a heavy mace.

Tent Nine: The trollkin Zorak Zoran Lay Members. Contents: sleeping furs only.

It is assumed that all the trolls are carrying whatever wealth they may have with them.

Booty
Kymry will take one magic item each for himself and Shawanii. The rest of the Ithillian-Fane (assuming any survived) will take the best of the furs for trade and one piece of jewellery each, in order of seniority (Kymry first). Coinage is of no interest to them and the players will have no trouble claiming it, and any pieces of jewellery remaining. Any magic items will be given to those Kymry considers most valiant in combat.

BACK AMONGST THE ITHILLIAN-FANE
After a hero's welcome, feast and a week of rest, those who wish it may have their ritual scars increased. As this is done a player must roll CON×4 for every 25cm^2 of scarring or pass out; the ritual scarring will continue until a player's character does pass out. He may not be scarred in this fashion again until he has performed some great deed. The more scarring he receives the greater his status amongst any Ithillian-Fane he may encounter in the future.

THE HIDE OF THE ANCESTOR
The *Hide* is a matrix for *warding* 6, costing 3 points of permanent POW. The *warding* will fade if the *Hide* is moved from the area the *warding* was cast to protect. When within 100m of the hide it is impossible to contract any disease; no sickly child is ever born, nor is childbirth ever fatal to parent or child.

THE ITHILLIAN-FANE
The Ithillian-Fane are lion-men in exactly the same way that centaurs are horsemen. There are two races of Ithillian-Fane; one has much in common with the African plains lion, with a black or brown mane on head, throat, and the length of its human back; the other variety has more in common with the American mountain lion. Both varieties are tribal in nature and few in number. A small colony of the plains variety can be found in Beast Valley.

Ithillian-Fane are exclusively carnivores but do not eat the flesh of intelligent beings.

Ritual scars, denoting tribe and status, cover the human portion of the adult Ithillian-Fane to a greater or lesser degree.

Ithillian-Fane commonly worship the Barbarian Gods found in *Cults of Prax*.

Characteristics		**Average**		
STR:	3d6+3	13-14	**Move:**	10
CON:	3d6	10-11	**HP Average:**	12
SIZ:	2d6+12	19	**Treasure Factor:**	7
INT:	3d6	10-11		
POW:	3d6	10-11		
DEX:	3d6+3	13-14		
CHA:	3d6	10-11		

Weapon	**SR**	**Attack**	**Damage**	**Parry**
Bite	7	30%	1d6+1d4	
Claw*	7	30%	1d6+1d4	
1H Short Spear	5	15%	1d6+1+1d4	10%
Medium Shield				10%

*Can attack with claw and spear in same round.

Armour: As human, commonly leather arms, head, chest, and forequarters.
Spells: as human, *binding* and *mobility* are commonly used.
Other Skills: Tracking 45%; Jumping 50%; Move Quietly 55%; Listen 45%; Spot Hidden 50%. □

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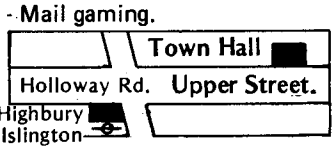

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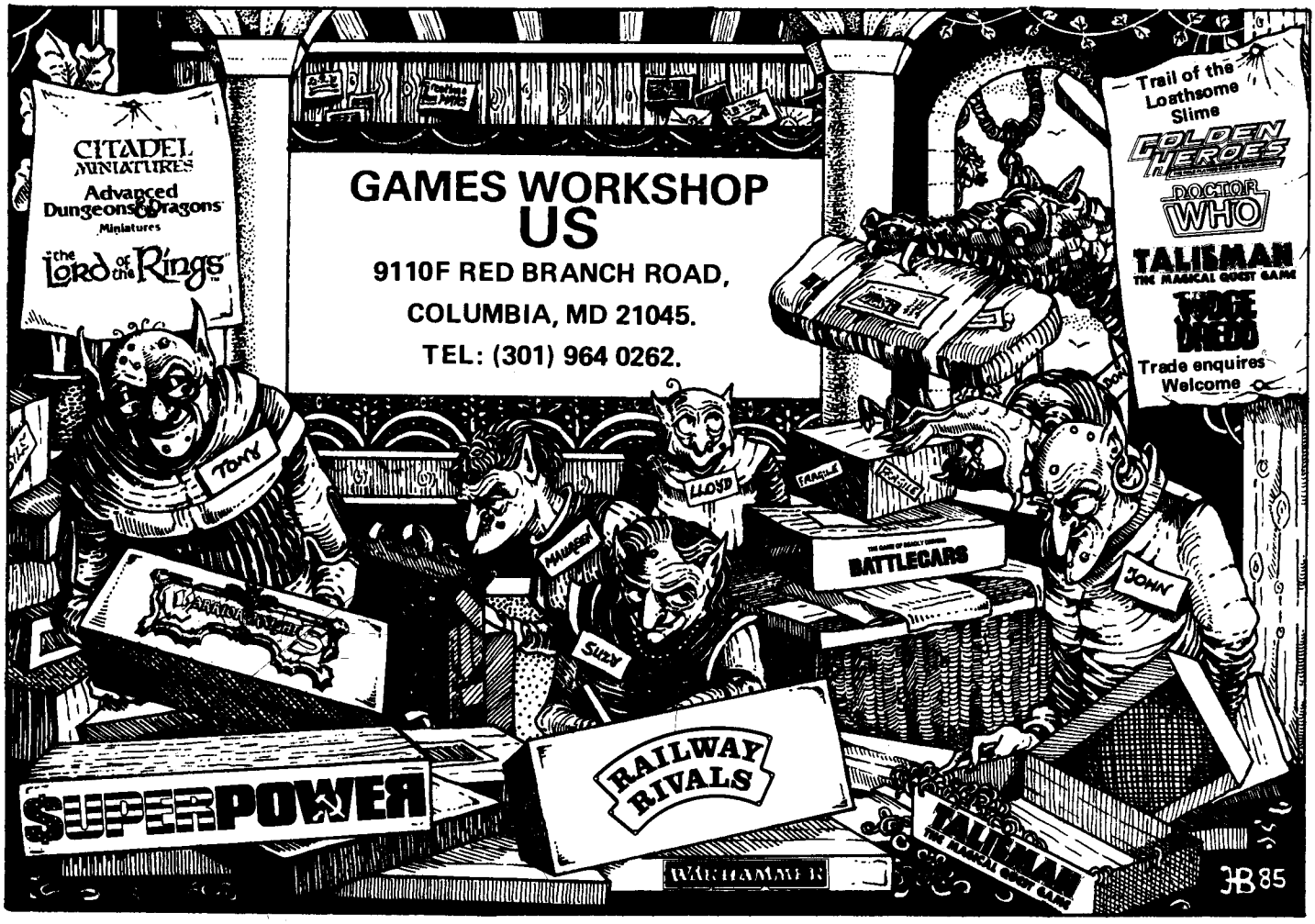

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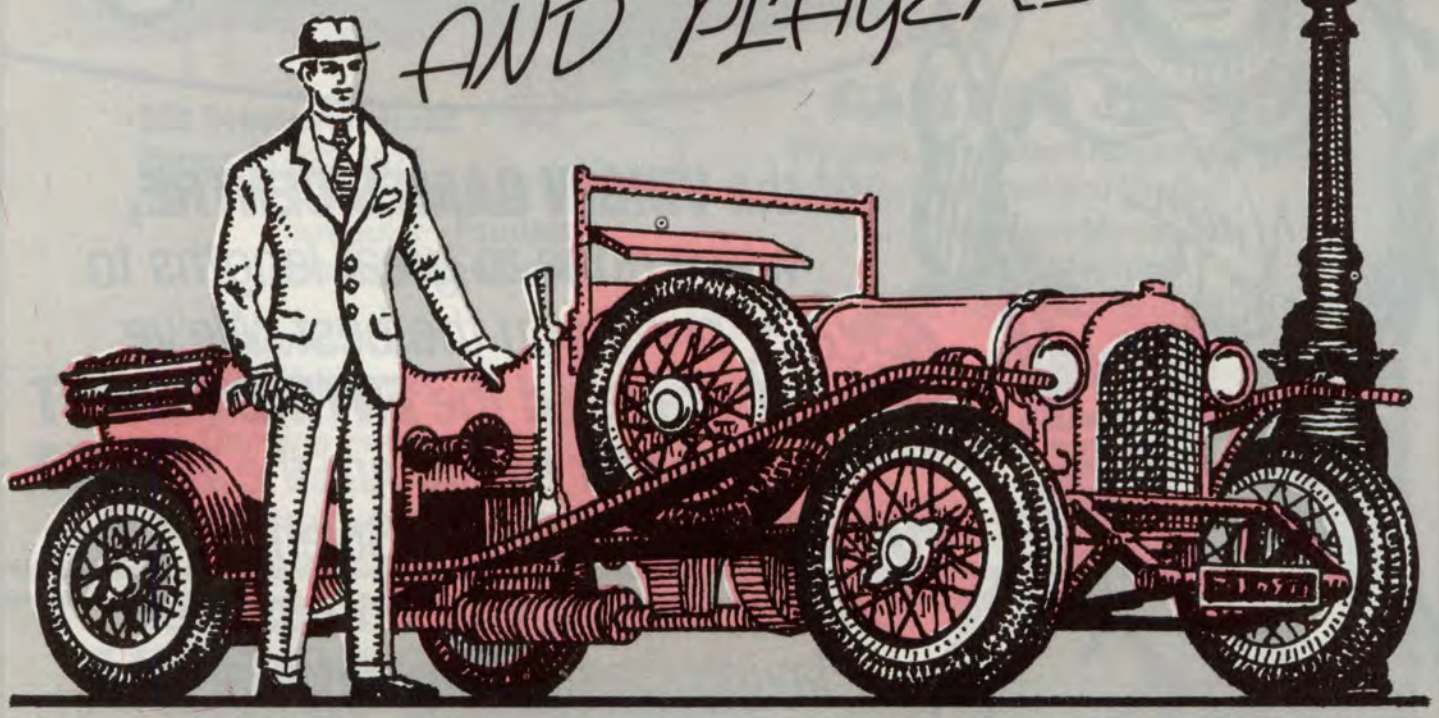
GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS



A Guide to Creating British Investigators, by Richard Edwards and Chris Elliott

'Reporter feller wanted to know all about that show at Clacton; well I told him to talk to the Prof, all I did was go along for a wheeze, and give that fishy-looking chap a whack with a mashie niblick when he got frisky. Impertinent little oik though, he actually had the cheek to ask me whether I'd describe myself as a dilettante. Dilettante! Makes one sound like a bally thé dansant gigolo, what? I soon sent him off with a flea in his ear.'

The basic *Call of Cthulhu* rules assume that most investigators will be American, but for anyone running British characters or a British campaign, we've put together character sketches of two classic Twenties' types with stiffer upper lips than the average Yank. Following the old cricket usage, we've called them Gentlemen, or aristocratic amateurs, and Players, or professional sportsmen.

GENTLEMEN

Gentlemen investigators need to be tall, languid and clean shaven. (Anyone with a beard is either of the older generation, a sailor, arty or a foreigner. Both the latter types are extremely suspect.) Educated at either Oxford or Cambridge, they will be of independent means, and won't need to bother with a job, although something in the Foreign Office could be considered. A chap hardly has time for a job, though, what with the crowded social schedule. In town it is cocktails and the Charleston, Boston, jazz-step, one-step and foxtrot. (Being able to play the banjo and ukulele helps.) Out of town, there is all the fun of country-house weekends, with shooting and fancy dress parties. Just throw a brace of guns in the old jalopy, and bring your valet to double as loader, and away you go. As far as clothes go, they may still be made in Piccadilly by father's tailor, but their style will be dictated by the Prince of Wales, the best dressed man in England (and that means in the world). Winters are best spent at Monte, and the rest of the year at the family home in the country, or at a town flat or house in Mayfair. A pretty agreeable life, but if an old college chum or tutor comes up with something that sounds like good sport, that may provide just the spice that it needs.

Crime fiction and thrillers of the Twenties and Thirties are littered with such aristocratic detectives. A typical *Call of Cthulhu* gentleman investigator will have average to low strength, constitution and size, corresponding to a tall slim build. Unlike many fictional sleuths who concealed razor sharp minds beneath a veneer of idiocy, they should be of low intelligence, the classic silly ass. Power can be high, allowing them to lead charmed lives through high Luck rolls, and also giving them a high initial Sanity. This may seem a little strange, but it does not indicate powerful mental discipline so much as a stunning lack of imagination. Dexterity will be high, representing years of training in ball games, riding, and huntin', shootin' and fishing. Appearance will be high, as a result of impeccable dress and manners, and an easy charm. Education should be around 13 or 14, but no higher. In practical terms it will give the character extensive knowledge of restricted fields such as Greek, Latin and the Classics, but be of severely limited use in other areas. Such characters will have two main motivations: honour and sport. Honour mainly applies to members of the same class, but can also lead to acts of supreme self sacrifice, à la Beau Geste, Captain Oates, Sidney Carton, and the entire Light Brigade. Sport is no less important, and is an all-embracing term covering anything from organised sports themselves, through the thrill of the chase and hazardous pastimes, to outright criminal activities, like those of Raffles, 'The Gentleman Cracksman'. (It should be noted, however, that although Raffles saw nothing wrong in breaking and entering, it was usually the middle clas-

ses – stockbrokers and the like – who were his victims.)

Being of independent means, members of the aristocracy make ideal investigators, able to take off at a moment's notice for a stone circle in Orkney or an archaeological site in Turkey. In the Britain of the early 1920s, when there was only one car on the roads for every 140 people, they would be one of the few with cars. Typically, this would be something large and powerful like a 3L Bentley, whose price ranged from £1500 to £2500, or something more exotic and expensive like a Lagonda. Firearms are usually pretty futile in *Call of Cthulhu*, but a brace of shotguns can come in handy for small game, deep ones and the like, and no gentleman would be without them.

Perhaps the most important aspects of such characters, however, are their influence and connections. The influence won't allow them to get away with major breaches of the law or social conventions (especially social conventions), but it will avoid nuisances like being prosecuted for speeding at two or three times the national limit of 30mph when chasing a car load of cultists, and will give rise to almost exaggerated deference from humble constables. ('Beg pardon, your lordship, I didn't realise these gentlemen were with you.') Their connections can provide a useful way for the keeper to start off a scenario, or feed in new information. For instance, though they themselves may be professional party-goers, there is always the friend from college who went into the Foreign Office, and wants someone unofficial to look into the strange goings-on in Waziristan, or a panic-stricken telegram from another college chum whose dabblings in the occult (popular among sections of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates at the time) have led to awful consequences. As the saying has it, 'If you can keep your head when all about are losing theirs, you don't realise how serious the situation is.' Gentlemen investigators are not likely to be powerhouses of Mythos knowledge and spells, but they do have their uses, and playing one can be frightfully good sport.

PLAYERS

'Demobilised officer, finding peace incredibly tedious, would welcome diversion. Legitimate if possible, but crime, if of a comparatively humorous disposition, no objection. Excitement essential. Would be prepared to consider permanent job if suitably impressed by applicant for his services. Reply at once Box X10'.

With this advertisement, Bulldog Drummond (the fictional creation of Lt Col H C McNeile, 'Sapper') began the first of his four encounters with arch criminal Carl Peterson. Drummond is the archetypal Player, and he and his ilk can readily be adapted to fill the role played by the Private Investigator in an American campaign. To call them Players is not to imply that they aren't gentlemen; far from it. In an era when a servant could be hired for two pounds a week, a chauffeur earn between £2.75 and £3.50, and an income of £2-3,000 enable one to live very comfortably indeed, another of McNeile's heroes, Tiny Carteret, could call on £5,000 a year. They have servants, run expensive cars, and are members of good clubs. What makes them different from the Gentlemen, then? Two things, really, they are not aristocrats, and they are above all men of action.

Hugh Drummond, 'Bulldog' to his friends, was 'slightly under six feet in height' and 'broad in proportion', with a nose that 'had never quite recovered from the final one year in the Public Schools Heavy Weights'. Tiny Carteret 'had been capped fifteen times for England playing in the scrum', but in spite of his size 'was at the same time marvellously agile'. When creating a Player, strength, constitution and size should therefore all be fairly high. Intelligence, on the other hand, would not seem to be as important; men of action are not given to flaunting their erudition, and Drummond and Co were positively anti-intellectual. (Not to say downright ignorant; summoned to a mysterious meeting at the Home Office, Tiny Carteret wonders what the Colonel who called wants with him, and then adds for good measure, 'And where is the Home Office, anyway?') Intelligence should not be too low, however, as although Drummond 'laid no claim to being brilliant' and admitted that his brain 'was of the also-ran variety', he was 'the possessor of a very shrewd common sense, which generally enabled him to arrive at the same result as a far more brilliant man and, incidentally, by a much more direct route.' Power, in the sense of charisma, can be average or above, but should not be low, as much is made of such men's qualities of leadership. As with all heroes of the 'Saturday Matinee' variety, Players need to have a good Luck roll to get out of the situations their direct approach is likely to land them in. They also need to be able to dodge the grasp of flailing tentacles and suchlike when things get sticky, and so a decent dexterity score is desirable. (Drummond was 'a lightning and deadly shot with a revolver.') Appearance can be as low as you like; although the nickname 'Bulldog' referred to character traits, he was 'the fortunate possessor of that cheerful type of ugliness which inspires immediate confidence in its owner' (and probably had to restrain himself from jumping up and licking your face). Education can also be pretty abysmal. If the likes of Drummond ever got as far as the dreaming spires of Oxford, they would probably have gone to one of its less academic colleges, such as St Edmund Hall, and been the sort of hearties whose idea of fun was throwing arty undergraduates in fountains. Because of their above average power, Players will have a good initial Sanity. In this, they are similar to the Gentlemen, but the reason is different.

Most, if not all Players would have a military background, and have taken part in 'the last show'. This would have given them the jaundiced view of Germans displayed by Sapper's heroes. 'The scum certainly would not be complete' he remarked to Peterson, 'without a filthy Boche in it.' (And this from a writer whose first name was Herman! Small wonder he was known as Cyril McNeile.) In fact, for such people, all foreigners fall into one of two categories: comic or sinister. The idea of cosmic abominations lurking behind the fragile fabric of everyday life is a bit hard to take, but the cults that are working to return the Great Old Ones are obviously of a piece with unwashed Bolsheviks and other such rabble and their sinister conspiracies. Whereas the Gentleman has a well-nigh unshakeable confidence in the survival of all things decent and British, the Player knows that they are constantly under assault from foreign plots, and that swift and firm action is needed to deal with them.

Like Gentlemen, Players are useful for their access to a fast car. The great 8 litre Bentley, one of the last to be made, did not come out until the Thirties, but Drummond boasted a Hispano Suiza, some models of which had a wheelbase of fourteen feet, a track of five, and were capable of over 110mph, and Players should certainly aim for something on the sporty side. Most Players, as well as having seen active service, will have a couple of souvenirs of the war: a faithful batman (who inevitably has a treasure of a wife), and a well oiled ex-army Colt. The batman and wife act as servants for the bachelor flat in Mayfair, and the Colt is a handy supplement to the trusty right fist. They will also have a few tricks up their sleeves; Drummond had learnt some from an old Japanese, and when things got boring in the trenches used to prowl silently among the German lines nobbling the occasional Boche. Intellectuals they may not be, but as 'Sapper' said of his creation, they are 'a sportsman and a gentleman. And the combination of the two is an unbeatable production.'

CREATING CHARACTERS

Players: The following skills are available to characters opting for this 'profession': Climb, Drive Auto, Fast Talk, Hide, Jump, Listen, Sneak, Spot Hidden, Swim, Throw, Track, Handgun, Melee. A Player's disposable income is generated by the following formula: 1d6 × $2000 + $2000. If divided by six, this will give an approximate equivalent in pounds. (See *The Price is Right* in *WD70*.)

Gentlemen: The following skills are available to Gentlemen characters: Drive Auto, Fast Talk, Photography, Pilot Aircraft, Read/Write Latin, Read/Write Greek, Ride, Sing, Speak French, Shotgun.

A Gentleman's disposable income is generated by the following formula: 1d10 × $1000 + $2000. Again, divide by six to reach a sterling equivalent.

Note: The *Call of Cthulhu* rules for generating characters' incomes do not specify whether these are net or gross, and there is obviously a considerable difference when tax, rent, mortgage and other expenses have been taken into account. The amounts we have suggested represent what such characters could actually spend, but they would already enjoy a standard of living far above the average due to inherited wealth. They would also be expected to live up to their social standing, though – no British Standard demob suits at 57/6, and no driving Baby Austins! □

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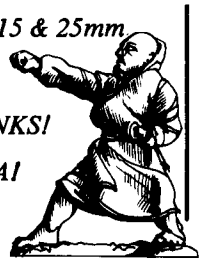

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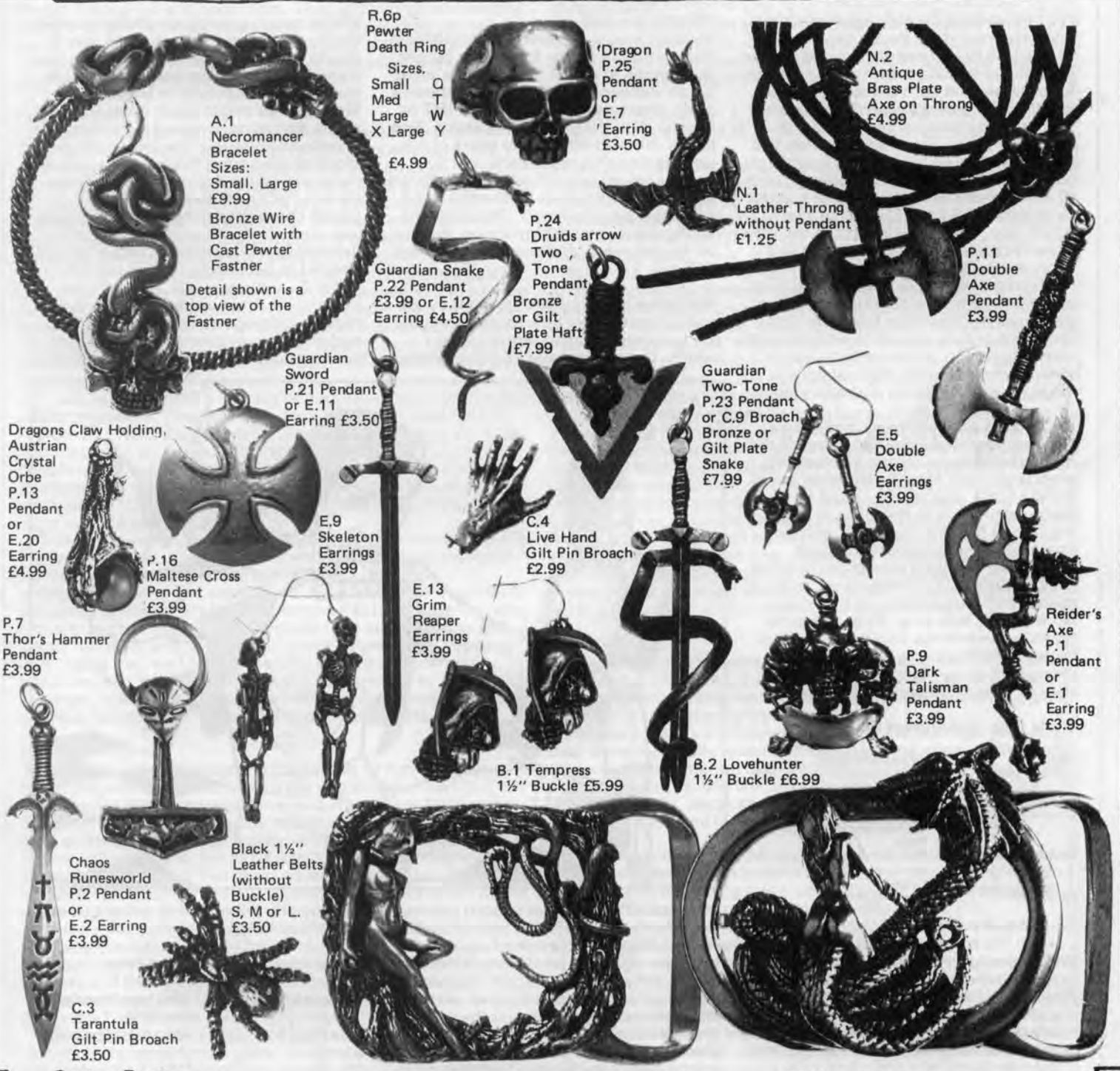

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HITTING THE RIGHT NOTE

Musicianship in AD&D, by Ian Berridge

A violinist myself, I felt that it was time some definite ideas on the neglected art of music in *AD&D* were produced. As the only music-making (non-) player character possible, the bard is a solitary figure, and the instruments given to him do not fairly represent the art as it stood in medieval times. The musician also has great potential as a spy. What guard, for instance, could refuse a travelling band of entertainers entry to a castle in order to entertain his liege? Street buskers could also case the joint across the way in perfect safety. A Musicianship skill score is used to find success probabilities (eg buskers must roll under this skill to avoid being moved on), and for hiring purposes to determine fees. (No 10th level lord or lady would be without their own troupe of musicians, purely as a status symbol.) Here, then, are some ideas based on history and experience.

For 300gps and one week's intensive training, any character can increase his musical skill score in one instrument class (see *Table 1*) by 2% (from an initial score of 0%). The teacher must have a higher skill score in the class of instrument than his aspiring pupil, and no character can increase their score beyond an absolute maximum of Level + INT + DEX + (2 x CHA). Bards, thieves, monks and illusionists will therefore have a clear lead over other character types, whilst clerics come worst off (although what can you expect from a group whose services would consist only of Gregorian-style chanting?).

Table One: Instrument Classes

Class	Group Members
Plucked-string	Lyre, harp, psaltery, gittern, mandola, lute
Bowed-string	Organistrum, viele, rebec
Wind and Brass	Pan pipes, horn, trumpet, cornett, shawm, bagpipes, flute
Keyboard	Bell chime, great organ, positive organ, portative organ
Percussion*	Drums, cymbals

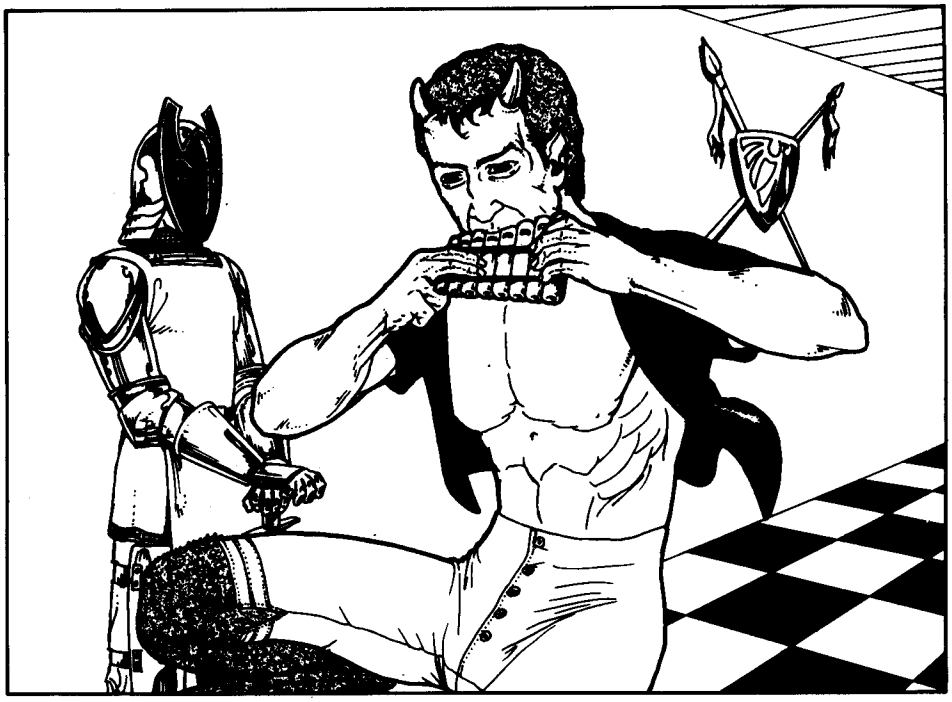
*No skill required to play.

Within groups, the instruments are listed in increasing order of difficulty to play. Thus, in the plucked string category, the lyre is easiest to play, the lute hardest. Descriptions of instruments can be found in most musical encyclopedias.

Apart from learning one of the listed instrument classes, most characters can learn to sing – this is always possible for elves, half-elves, gnomes and halflings, but sadly impossible for 8% of humans (93+ on d100), 20% of all dwarfs (81+ on d100), and as many as 60% of all half-orcs (41+ on d100): naturally, all bards *must* be able to sing. Singing ability starts at 30% and can be increased by 3% for each week's training, at a cost of 250gp per week.

Reading music, however, is far more difficult, and the ability to do so is taught separately, at a cost of 500gp per week for an increase of 2% (from 0% starting skill): characters must roll their INT or less on d10+10 to learn the ability, this being checked after every week of tuition. Failing this roll means that no further progress has been gained for the week's tuition (although the character must still pay the fees!). The ability to write music costs 500gp for an increase of 1% per week, and requires the same INT roll.

Bards are a special case since they are compelled to learn how to sing and play the family of plucked-string instruments. They must have a singing ability score of 50%+ in order to start gaining experience as a bard. As well as their requirements for learning Legend Lore, etc, when gaining bardic experience levels, they must also spend two weeks studying the instrument class, and one week studying the voice (at the costs given above) after every level gain (including 1st). This must be done even if it is impossible to improve their score any more (standards have to be maintained!).



Since bards would learn to play the easiest instruments first, and because the DMG gives some instruments not yet invented in the medieval era, the magical bardic instruments should be renamed as follows: *Fochlucan Lyre, Mac-Fuirmidh Lyre, Doss Harp, Canaith Psaltery, Cli Gittern, Anstruth Mandola* and *Ollamh Lute*. I would also recommend curtailing the bardic charm percentages at lower levels, mainly due to the lack of skills available on which the ability is based. Thus: 0%, 2%, 5%, 10%, 15%, 20%, 25%, 30%, 35%, 40%, 45%, 50%, 56% at 13th level, and thence as in the *PHB* – after all, they must partly live off their thieving, and they do have spells as well.

Whilst music schools might be found in the largest towns and cities, all towns would have a professional band of musicians (with their own guild) to provide for large social events in the town. Monasteries might teach musical skills, as the discipline involved in the learning of instruments would be beneficial to all monk characters. If this is so, the monasteries would tend to accumulate large libraries of musical manuscripts. If player characters or non-player characters are to be hired as musicians, then the average musical score of the band is needed to determine the fee paid in *Table 2* – virtuosos will, naturally be expensive! Any hirelings will always require lodgings and rehearsal space, and under no circumstances will they venture down dungeons – although they will happily tell of daring adventures in verse and song!

Table Two: Musician Hire Fees

Average Skill (%)	Fee (gps/musician/month)
less than 51	Would not be hired!
51–60	10
61–70	25
71–80	200+
81+	Musician decides own fee, 500+

I hope that all these ideas inspire DMs to add a little music, as an authentic 'spice', to their campaigns – they could have lots of fun seeing their players join militant guilds, marching to pipe and drum with their battle cry 'Keep medieval music live!'□

THRUD THE BARBARIAN IN THRUD GOES DUNGEONEERING
BY TONY
THE STORY SO FAR... BEING SHORT OF BEER MONEY, THRUD HAS BEEN PERSUADED TO ACCOMPANY A GROUP OF WOULD-BE DUNGEONEERING ADVENTURERS ON THEIR FIRST TRIP. WE NOW FIND THEM HAVING JUST ENTERED THE QUAZOG CAVERNS OF QUARG...
SIX LITTLE DUNGEONEERS - HOW LONG WILL THEY SURVIVE?
IF YE ARE CLOSE EN TO READ THIS TH IN BIG TRO
LOOK - OVER HERE! AN INSCRIPTION - IF YE ARE CLOSE ENOUGH TO READ THIS...
ONE STOOD IN THE WRONG PLACE - THEN THERE WERE FIVE
... YOU'RE IN BIG TROU...
WHUNK!
FIVE LITTLE DUNGEONEERS TRYING TO CHOOSE A DOOR
TO THE TREASURE
TO A HORRIBLE SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH
I THINK IT'S A TRAP - I'M GOING DOWN HERE!
ONE PICKED THE WRONG ONE - THEN THERE WERE FOUR
DEATH
AAAAARGH!
TREASURE ROOM
THIS IS IT! THERE MUST BE A KEY SOMEWHERE
FOUR LITTLE DUNGEONEERS SEARCHING FOR A KEY -
ROOM
OI!
OI! HOLD IT! I AM THE GUARDIAN OF THE TREASURE ROOM!
THE ONLY WAY TO OBTAIN A KEY IS TO OFFER ME A HUMAN SACRIFICE!
THRUD MAKES A DEAL...
FAIR ENOUGH - WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT?
OH! ER, ALL TAKE THE GIRL PLEASE!
AND THEN THERE WERE THREE...
THREE LITTLE DUNGEONEERS DECIDING WHAT TO DO -
CHOMP! CHOMP!
THAT LOOKS LIKE A TRAP
RUBBISH!
ONE SAID IT WAS NOT A TRAP...
SEE!
THEN THERE WERE TWO
WOOSH!
TWO LITTLE DUNGEONEERS THEIR TASK IS FINALLY DONE...
JUST THINK WHAT WE CAN DO WITH ALL THIS TREASURE
THEY'VE FOUND ALL THE TREASURE
WE? - LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING!
AWK!
THEN THERE WAS ONE - AND HE WASN'T REALLY ALL THAT LITTLE!
WELL I COULDN'T REALLY SHARE IT - IT'LL ONLY JUST CLEAR MY SLATE AS IT IS!

ALTERNATIVE ORIGINS

Redesigned Golden Heroes, by Ian Thomson

Some players find it particularly difficult to rationalise some combinations of powers when generating a *Golden Heroes* character. In addition, supervisors can find they have trouble convincing players to drop incompatible powers. Although the latter problem can be remedied by bribing the player with 10 DUPs of training for each power dropped, the best solution is to modify the *Superpower Generation Table*.

The alternative tables presented here have been constructed along similar lines to the one in the *Golden Heroes* rules. They are designed to avoid incompatible power combinations such as *Cybernetics* and *Magic* or *Agility* and *Tough Skin*.

Players who prefer to play a particular type of hero such as Batman or Daredevil, rather than the X-Men and Avengers types the basic table creates, can use the tables to generate such a hero. To avoid creating a bunch of Spiderman and Captain Britain clones, players should not choose their powers but should instead roll on the appropriate table. For instance, someone wanting an Iron Man type of character would roll on the *Equipment Table*, whereas a Batman equivalent would be produced using the *Skills Table*. In this way, the fine details of the character are left to chance. Although the players need not make power rolls on the same table, each power should be labelled according to the table it comes from. Therefore *Flight* rolled on the *Equipment Table* would be the property of a gadget such as jet boots, not an innate power.

If characters are rolled using this system,the players should be allowed to choose powers freely from any *relevant* sub-tables. Supervisors may wish, however, to limit choice or power grades according to the table upon which the power was generated. For example, *Flight* rolled on the *Powers Table* might only have a maximum grade of 3; escape velocity in comics is usually only achieved by means of a device or vehicle (Superman excepted!).

POWERS

01–04	Agility
05	Chameleon Ability
06	Claws
07–18	Energy Attack
19–20	Energy Immunity
21	Energy Reflection
22	Field Manipulation
23–29	Flight
30–32	Force Field
33–34	Growth
35–37	Health
38–40	Heightened Senses
41	Intangibility
42	Intuition
43	Larger
44–45	Invisibility
46–48	Leaping
49	Mass Variation (Other)
50	Mass Variation (Self)
51–54	Precision
55	Probability Manipulation
56–59	Reactions
60	Replication
61–63	Shapechange
64–65	Shrink
66	Solidify
67–69	Speed
70–78	Strength
79	Stretch
80	Stunner
81–83	Teleport
84–89	Tough Skin
90–93	Vigour
94	Wallcrawling
95	Weather Control
96–00	Choose from this table

DEVICES

01–07	Armour
08	Chameleon Ability
09	Claws
10–14	Cybernetics
15–29	Energy Attack
30	Energy Immunity
31	Energy Reflection
32	Field Manipulation
33–41	Flight
42–44	Force Field
45	Growth
46–48	Heightened Senses
49	Intangibility
50	Invisibility
51–53	Leaping
54	Mass Variation (Other)
55	Mass Variation (Self)
56–61	Precision
62–65	Reactions
66	Replication
67–70	Shapechange
71	Shrink
72	Solidify
73–78	Speed
79–87	Strength
88	Stretch
89	Stunner
90–92	Teleport
93	Vehicle
94	Wallcrawling
95	Weather Control
96–00	Choose from this table

SKILLS

01–12	Agility (Grade 1 only)
13–32	Martial Arts
33–40	Precision
41–48	Reactions
49–52	Sidekick
53–67	Skills
68–71	Vehicle
72–95	Weapon Skill
96–00	Choose from this table

PARANORMAL

01–39	Psi Powers
40–45	Field Manipulation
46–57	Force Field
58–69	Heightened Senses
70–76	Intuition
77–83	Probability Manipulation
84–95	Teleport
96–00	Choose from this table

MYSTICAL

01–39	Magic
40–59	Flight
60–63	Replication
64–71	Shapechange
72–75	Sidekick (Familiar)
76–83	Teleport
84–87	Growth
88–91	Shrink
92–95	Weather Control
96–00	Choose from this table

SKILLS

I'm afraid I don't like the *Skills* power in *Golden Heroes*. Compared to an *Advantageous Background* it looks like a waste of a power roll, and the power is far too vague for my liking. The supervisor will eventually end up with a massive, unmanageable list of skills all describing one small interest – something that doesn't imitate the comics too well.

I use a different system: one power roll gives a roll on the *Occupational Skills Table* and a roll on the *Vocation Skills Table*. Upgrading allows either another field of interest to be obtained within the first occupation rolled *or* another roll on the *Occupation Skills Table*. Vocations are only rolled once (they represent the character's major hobbies). Each occupational skill has a practical value in terms of Campaign Ratings: the vocational skills are for a bit of colour. □

OCCUPATIONAL SKILLS

1. Law Enforcement – Forensic Science, Police Procedure, etc. *Methods* 4, *Contacts* 6.
2. Professional – Law, Accountancy, Medicine, etc. *Materials Level* 6 (in field), *Financial Level* 6.
3. Crook – Fraud, Safecracking, Burglary, Counterfeiting, etc. *Materials Level* 6 (in field), *Criminal Contacts* 8.
4. Spy – Codes, Surveillance, Counter Espionage, etc. *Materials Level* 6 (in field), *Government Contacts* 8.
5. Scholar – English Lit, Zoology, Physics, etc. *Materials Level* 6.
6. Vehicle Operation – Racing Driver, Airline Pilot, etc. *Materials Level* 6.
7. Journalism – Photojournalism, cameraman, etc. *Materials Level* 6 (in this area).
8. Military – Weapons Use, Tactics, etc. *Materials Level*, 6, *Military Contacts* 8.
9. Arts – Acting, Ballet, Opera, etc. *Materials Level* 6, *Financial Level* 6.
10. Choose.

VOCATIONAL SKILLS

1. Entertaining (juggler, conjurer, etc).
2. Collecting (stamps, coins, etc).
3. Modelling (military, civil, etc).
4. Games (bridge, chess, etc).
5. Photography.
6. Music (piano, guitar, etc).
7. Sport (running, cricket, etc).
8. Craft (knitting, DIY, etc).
9. Cookery.
10. Choose.

THE TRAVELLERS

The travellers enter the pyramids in two groups . . .

OH FLINNY, I HOPE THERE ARE NO CHASERS IN THIS TOTALLY ALIEN TUNNEL!

FOR ALL WE KNOW, THIS MAY BE A CHASER TUNNEL.

TIME: 8:35

BOOP!

OH HAYES! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

Later, in the Shaft Chamber . . .

OKAY – SPLIT AND SEARCH! ME AND SYRENA –

DINALT WILL GO WITH GAVIN AND SYRENA... AND WATCH.

EXCUSE ME – BUT DO I HAVE A SAY?

OH – IT'S ALWAYS "ME AND SYRENA", CAPT! ON BEHALF OF THE CREW, MAY I REMIND YOU OF THE TERMS OF EMPLOYMENT: 50% OF EVERYTHING GOING! I SUGGEST SYRENA AND I –

I SUGGEST SYRENA AND GAVIN AND DIS SHAKEY, HAIRTRIGGER GUN MAKES IT UNANIMOUSE!

The search begins in earnest. Small Chamber: Gavin, Syrena and Dinalt . . .

THIS IS AMAZING! CURVED DOORS SUSPENDED BY MAGNETIC FIELDS... ... MAGNETIC PLATFORMS... ANIMAL DROPPINGS... YUK!

LISTEN... THEIR LAIR IS UNDER THE PLATFORM... SUCH SQUEALING! MAYBE THE LIDDLE PINKY CREATURES ARE... hur hur SUCKLING THEIR YOUNGE!

HERE LIDDLE PINKY CREATURES... COME AN PLAY WITH GAVINS LIDDLE LASER CARBINE!

squeal skitter squeak pitter-patter.

Luck and 20+DMs ensures Flinn's survival.

TAKE CARE SYRENA... THERE MAY BE TERRIBLE BRAIN-GOBBLING NIGHTMARES THAT WILL LEAP OUT AND RIP YOUR TENDER FLESH INTO CRIMSON RIBBONS AND DRIBBLE FOR DAYS...

First Fault location . . .

GAVIN – THANK YOU! DINALT! TEMP AND ATMOSPHERE!

ANALYSER SHOWS RED. TEMP: APPROX 20% ATMOS: CORROSIVE

The First Shaft: 2nd Fault location; Flinn and Hayes . . .

AND THE GARGOPHILE THEN SAYS: "HO GOG YAP YAP NERG-EL!" hahahaha.

IT LOSES ALOT IN TRANSLATION!

I NOTICED. FAEC! NO LIGHTS DOWN HERE! WAIT A MINUTE. LIGHTS DON'T GO OUT... MONSTERS PUT THEM OUT! oh look... BONES

Large Central Chamber . . .

THIS IS FANTASIC! A PIT AND PENDULUM!

uh oh...

WHAT IS IT?

THE "TWISTING METAL AND KNOCKING BONE JERK/GOLDSMITH SUSPENSE MUSIC" METER PEAKS EVERY TIME WE APPROACH THAT LARGE CHAMBER... DANGER AWAITS US THERE!

Deep Level: bottom of First Shaft . . .

SKREE!

HOLY HYPERGOLIC! CREATURE CITY – AN' WE JUST HIT THE RUSH HOUR!

AN EARTH-TREMOR! QUICK – INTO THAT SAFE LOOKING CHAMBER THAT PROBABLY ISN'T!

SKREW!

HAYES GIGGLES FROM...

FLINNY!

Large Chamber with Mural . . .

THIS IS... TOTALLY PANTS WETTING! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT GAVIN?

WELL... ... THE MURAL SHOWS THAT THE REPRESENTED ENERGY BLAST CAN HIT ANY LOCATION 'CEPT THOSE HIDDEN IN SHADOW – SO WE CAN TAKE-OFF PROVIDING WE STAY IN THE SHADOWS!

THAT'S... JUST AMAZIN'! DID YOU WORK THAT OUT BY YOURSELF?

NAH! I JUST READ IT OFF THE BACK OF A HORBUND POSTCARD I GOT AT THE SPACE PORT.

Deep Level: bottom of Second Shaft . . .

HELP! HEY UP THERE! FLINN'S BEEN KILLED – HE NEEDS HELP!

BOX BOX BOX

Unknown to Hayes, an *alien skeleton* lies half buried mere metres from him, clutching a small *fibre pouch* containing *37 gold coins* . . . all of which will not be discovered due to inept *role-playing* . . . but I thought I'd tell you anyway . . .

Outside, the Hunter Scout *SM Degenerate* (see *WD70*) descends . . .

YOU WERE RIGHT-A, MY SUCCULENT DRUMSTICK – VERY GOOD!

ALL I DID WAS READ THE BACK OF THIS POSTCARD! "STICK TO THE SHADOWS FOR SAFE LANDING!"

SEXY

WILL YOU JOIN-A ME AND MY BOUNTY HUNTRESS'S FOR THE KILL?

NO THANKS... I'LL JUST... WAIT...

NO MY JUICY KINGSIZE – I MEAN THE ACCURSED TRAVELLERS-A – THAT THEY ARE HERE-A, TRAP-ED!

NOW-A, I SHALL REEK MY AWFUL REVENGE ON HAYES AND HIS FRIENDS!

Kari-© Rosmarin 85

VERY WELL MY SIDE ORDER OF RELISH – I WILL REEK ALONE-A OR MY NAMBA ISN'T AFTAB THE GREEK-A!

To be continued...

GAMES WORKSHOP

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

Dragonmeet 86

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University of Manchester Institute of Science Technology in the Concourse, Floor C, the Renold Building.

- helpers needed – contact Tim Olsen, Manchester Games Workshop, Unit 162, Marsden Way, Arndale Centre, Manchester. 061-832-6863.
- participation and demonstration games – please write to Games Workshop, 27-29 Sunbeam Road, London NW10 6JP.
- some space left for trade stands, contact Games Workshop, 27-29 Sunbeam Road, London NW10 6JP.

BIRMINGHAM

Saturday 5 April 1986

at The New Imperial Hotel, Temple Street, Birmingham.

- helpers needed – contact Laurence Miller, Birmingham Games Workshop, Unit 37, West Court, Birmingham Shopping Centre, 021-632-4804.
- participation and demonstration games – please write to Games Workshop, 27-29 Sunbeam Road, London NW10 6JP.
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5. *ORIENTAL ADVENTURES (TSR)*
6. *TALISMAN EXPANSION KIT (GW)*
7. *D&D EXPERT SET (BR)*
8. *UNEARTHED ARCANA (TSR)*
9. *WARRIOR KNIGHTS (GW)*
10. *AD&D PLAYERS HANDBOOK (BR)*
11. *D&D MASTERS SET (BR)*
12. *WARHAMMER (GW)*
13. *CALL OF CTHULHU (GW)*
14. *RAILWAY RIVALS (GW)*
15. *BATTLECARS (GW)*
16. *BLOOD ON THE STREETS (GW)*
17. *MONSTER MANUAL I (BR)*
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20. *BLOODBATH AT ORC'S DRIFT (GW)*

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Fig 1

Fig 2

Fig 3

Fig 4

Photos 1,3,6: Joe Dever
Photo 2: Richard Chambers
Photo 4: Phil Lewis
Photo 5: Michael Immig

Fig 5

Fig 6

Tabletop Heroes *is a our regular column for figure modellers and painters, written by Joe Dever.*

DIORAMAS

Part Three: Finishing Touches

TREES

The alternative to buying the expensive kit-form or ready-made trees is to make them yourself. For years, wargamers have faced the problems of reproducing wooded areas on their games tables, and, out of necessity, several cheap and practical ways of simulating trees have developed. One such method is to use large twigs or lengths of branch stripped of bark as the basic skeleton. Rubberised horsehair, cut and positioned on top of the trunk, is perhaps the most realistic and cheapest way of simulating deciduous foliage. First, cut out an irregular chunk of rubberised horsehair correct in proportion to the size of the trunk, and spray it with a matt black or dark green paint. When dry, highlight with lighter shades of green before fixing it to the trunk with a strong impact adhesive. Horsehair was used as stuffing in old armchairs and sofas, and a cheap source of supply can be found at your local rubbish dump in discarded old furniture. Alternatively, *Showcase Models* offer the material by mail order at £2.50 plus 20% p&p.

For desert dioramas, palm trees can be made as follows: first, the leaves are made simply by sticking brown gummed paper or silk to lengths of 5-amp fuse wire and cutting the basic leaf to shape. The individual spines of each leaf are scored with a sharp knife and when all the leaves are made they are gathered together and bound with wire. The trunk can be made by winding smooth string around a piece of stiff coat-hanger wire coated with impact adhesive. The cluster of leaves are pushed into the top of the 'trunk' and fixed in position with *Milliput* or glue.

To make fir trees, first cut thin wire to four times the tree's height and fold it in half. Then, cut pieces of sisal string to the width of the tree's base and unravel the fibres, twisting them between your fingers to stop them curling. Now, run a trickle of polystyrene cement along the inside of one half of the wire, starting 10mm from the bend, and lay the fibres closely together across the wire before pressing them into the glue. Twist the wire ends together clockwise and insert the tip into a vice. Fix the other end in a hand drill and slowly wind the wire into a tight spiral so that it creates a brush shape. Trim the tree to taper from the top to the bottom and spray it matt black. Once dry, coat it with matt varnish and roll it in grass powder to form needles on the ends of the branches.

TITLES

Having lavished many hours of effort on your diorama or scenic base, all that now remains is to title your work. Whether you intend to enter your diorama in competition or simply display it at home, a neat name-plate will enhance its appearance. Engraved brass name-plates can be obtained to order from any trophy shop, or alternatively, you can produce your own using *Letraset* dry-letters.

When thinking of a title bear in mind one golden rule – keep it short and to the point. Titles should be clear and legible: styles to be avoided like the proverbial plague are 'Old English' or script lettering, typewritten stickers, *Dymo* labels, paper labels fixed with sellotape, shaky hand-painted scrawls and badly spaced or misaligned dry-lettering. When dry-lettering onto card, choose a colour that is complimentary to the subject and avoid anything that clashes, especially with the dominant figure or object of the diorama. Alternatives to name-plates are card captions that can be attached to the wall or table, or propped up by using a small triangular leg glued to the back of the card.

Having judged many painting competitions, I would also advise all would-be competitors to clearly mark their entries with their name and address on the underside of the base. Not only will it help the judges, but it ensures that your entry is easily identifiable when the times comes to collect it.

THIS MONTH'S PHOTOGRAPHS

The picture belies the actual size of the miniature in *Fig 1*, which is a 54mm scale warlord from *Phoenix Miniatures* (*AC33*: King Grossenwulf of Thorea; £7.79 inc p&p), constructed and painted by P Capon. It is one of a series of evil champions that would make ideal ogre chieftains or giant NPCs in the smaller 25mm scale.

In *Fig 2* we see one of *Citadel's* brave *C11 Halflings* (2 for 95p) defending himself against a rock-wielding *C20 Troll* (£1.95). Both of these 'little & large' combatants were painted and photographed by *TTH* reader Richard Chambers.

The Spined Dragon in *Fig 3* (*Citadel NB1*: £15.00) has undergone an impressive conversion by its owner Graham Pritchard. The Sauron set from the *Lord of the Rings* range takes pride of place on the creature's back, which is also adorned with extra shields, paper wing-banners and lengths of modelling chain. It won Graham 1st prize in a recent *Citadel* painting competition. Graham has since set up a professional painting service called *Humble Hobbits*, which is one of the few to offer both a high standard of work coupled with excellent value for money.

Newcomer to the seething ranks of chaos comes *Citadel's* Chaos Lord (*C35*: 60p), shown in *Fig 4*, painted, based and photographed by Phil Lewis. Chaos looms large in *Citadel's* plans with the eagerly-awaited release of a range of miniatures based on the Eternal Champion novels of Michael Moorcock. Elric, Hawkmoon, Corum and a host of their demonic adversaries will be unleased on a suspecting public throughout the course of 1986, supported by *Warhammer*-compatible battle-packs and rule supplements.

In *Fig 5*, a proud quartet of *Citadel Northern Dwarves* (*C06*: 60p) are seen on parade, wreathed in full battle armour and bearing a splendid owl-topped flag. The dwarves and their banner were painted and photographed by Michael Immig, a *TTH* reader from Gelsenkirchen in West Germany.

Designed to supplement the *Dragonroar* role-playing game is the suitably vociferous reptilian featured here in *Fig 6* (*Standard Games F11*: £3.45). It is part of a range that features such innovative creatures as a Manelephant, War Hedgehogs and Killer Penguins. □

USEFUL ADDRESSES

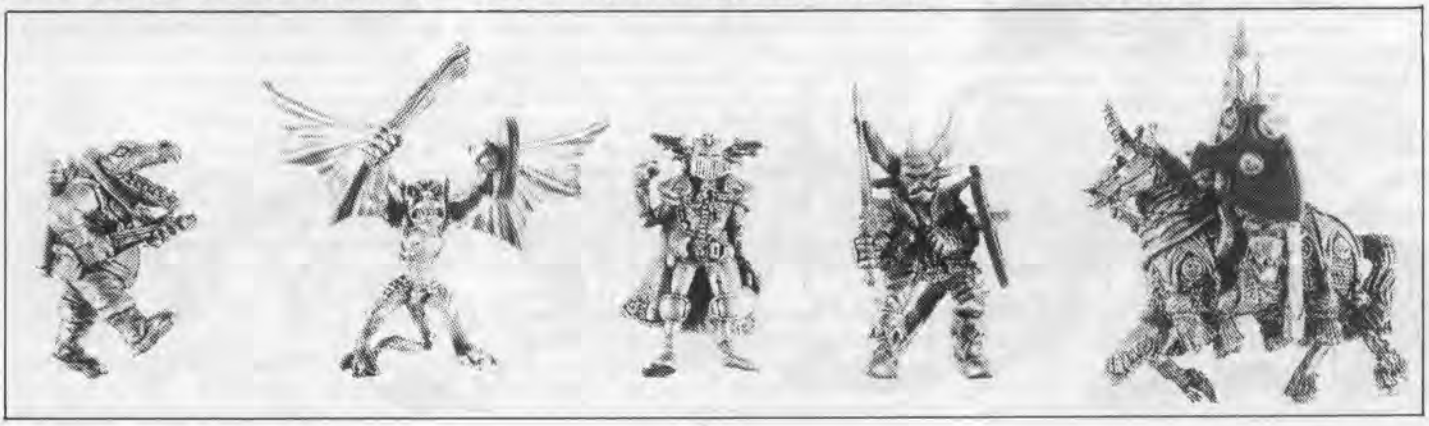
Farnham Models, 57A Downing Street, Farnham, Surrey. (Scenic modelling supplies; SAE for lists.)

Showcase Models, Den Blieklaan 72, 3766 A V Joest, Netherlands. (Rubberised horsehair £2.50+ 20% p&p.)

Phoenix Model Developments, The Square, Earls Barton, Northampton NN6 ONA. (Illustrated catalogue/handbook £1.50.)

Humble Hobbits, 56 York Road, Torpoint, Cornwall, PL11 2LG.

Standard Games, Arlon House, Station Road, Kings Langley, Herts WD4 8LF.



gobbledigook.
NOMES
GOOK
NIBBL
BIG DADDY
SNOWMAN
BIG BABY
Winter... cold snow covers the ground... everything is still silent... ..until...
ZZZ ZZZ ZR HRNALL!?
GRRZGR WOTZAT NOISE?
Gook takes a look..
GRRZMRZGRRMRZGL
!?
GURRM... IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE MORE THAN A NOME... FREEMZZZ... IT'S HAPPY NOME!
?!
CHOP CHOP CHOP
WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH
KRASH!
HUR HUR HUR EEZ NOT SO GRRRZM HAPPY NOW IZEE?
!?
SPLOT!
YUK! NOMES!
GRRZM I'LL SHOW'EM A ZGRRM SMAMBULL!
DIG
GRRZMIGUM POINTY HATTED LI'L GRUZO GRRLM...
TONK!
OOCH!
THAT HURT!
YUK YUK YUK
BIFF
OUCH! GEDDOFF!
OOO! BIFF
YUK YUK YUK DATS MUCH BETTER YUK YUK
In the next clearing ....
WOTZISS STYOOPIT FRGRZMTANG!? MUST BE DEM ZZGRZ NOMEZ'Z
..so naturally...
SPLOT!
HAR HAR HAR DAT'LL UPSET 'EM!
KICK
STOMP!
But..
YERK!
GRAB!
WOT YOU DOIN'?!
WU..AH ...UH WEH... ..UR..UR.. TH' NOMES. UR.. THEIR SNOWMAN!!
NOT NOMES.. MY BABYS!
SAY SORRY!
HA..UR..YUP! SORRY.. UR VERY VERY SORRY!
'N DON'T DO AGAIN!
YEEK! NO..NO NEVER!
BAD GOBLIN GONE NOW BABY
TUMP TUMP
BiL

Trevors Tidbits

Flushed by the critical acclaim his first column received, your news editor returns with more fascinating news, juicy gossip and manufacturers' hype – see if you can spot which is which! Apparently the editor didn't think I introduced myself sufficiently well last time, so let me do so now by saying that I am an associate member of . . . *CENSORED – Ed* . . . to which this column is affiliated. There, I hope that clears everything up. On with the news.

WE COULD BE HEROES

Mayfair Games have announced three new scenarios for their *DC Heroes* game. *Project Prometheus*, by Greg Gorden, pits player-generated heroes against a Crete-based band of villains who have stolen a new defence shield. *Escort*, by Matt Costello, is a solitaire adventure, whilst Mark Acre's *Doomsday Program* has Brainiac kidnapping Superman as part of a fiendish plot to destroy the Earth. Sometimes I wonder why the villains spend so much time trying to do this, as the politicians seem to be making quite a good job of it on their own!

For *Golden Heroes* players, Pete Tamlyn's *The Lancelot Caper* (*Games Workshop*) is due out soon. It will be in much the same format as *Legacy of Eagles*. Having helped to playtest *Lancelot*, I can thoroughly recommend it.

Fantasy Games Unlimited have numerous new products for *Villains and Vigilantes*. *Organised Crimes*, *Assassin*, *Pre-Emptive Strike* and *HONOR* are adventures. *Alone Into The Night* contains three adventures for a GM and a single player only. Finally, the *DNAgents Sourcebook* is a major information package based on the comic.

I AM THE LAW

The *Judge Dredd* role-playing game is still outselling everything else, and various extras are planned for you to spend your money on. The first scenario due is *Judgement Day* by Marcus L Rowland.

As part of the deal under which *Judge Dredd* is produced, *Games Workshop* have the game rights to *all* of the characters from *2000AD*, so more games based on the comic are planned. Meanwhile *IPC* are bringing out a once-off called *Heroes and Villains* (who thinks up these names?). This is to be a cross between a comic and a gamebook, with comic-strip panels instead of paragraphs of text. If it proves successful, as in the current climate it is likely to, then further adventure comics will undoubtedly follow.

The *Fighting Fantasy* craze is still going strong, and not only in Britain. Sales of the Japanese translation of *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* have topped a quarter of a million, which is an awful lot of kanji. The overall sales of the books have exceeded four million, and to celebrate the fact *Puffin* are spending a fraction of the profits on treating Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone to a champagne breakfast at the Ritz. I hope they enjoy it, he says, taking another sip of his can of cheap lager. . . .

GENIUS

Look out for the appearance of *D&D* in the next *Guinness Book of Superlatives*. A group of players in Belgium, conforming to the agreed *AD&D* marathon rules of *TSR* and *Guinness*, played for 61 hours and 39 minutes using modules *A1-4* and some *White Dwarf* scenarios,

a feat of endurance too horrible to contemplate. Jean-Michel Vanderbeken was the DM, and the players were Christophe Viele, Jean-Pierre Combaluzier, Pascal Joiris and Alain Marlier.

In this country, even royalty's getting in on the act. At a recent International Youth Year display in Staffs, HRH Princess Anne was seen expressing great interest in the role-playing display, particularly the chariot race game. I have

copies of the photos, so if the Palace would like to contact me to discuss terms. . . .

In future I'd like to include more fandom news in this column, so if you know of anything interesting happening then please write to me care of *White Dwarf* – but remember that the column is usually typed up a month before publication.

Traveller players may be interested to know that *Game Designers' Workshop* run a *Traveller Club Organisation*. Any club can register, at no cost, and will receive periodic mailings with information about *Traveller*, new products and new ideas. Registered clubs can also get special materials not available elsewhere. All you need to do to register is to send a letter with details of your club to *GDW*, PO Box 1646, Bloomington, Illinois 61702, USA.

GOSH, WOW!

As a follow up to their *Fantastic Treasures I*, *Mayfair Games* have released (wait for it) *Fantastic Treasures II*. With yet another Boris Vallejo cover, this innovative product breaks new barriers by being a collection of *AD&D* compatible items. Included are such really thrilling mythological items as *Magic Stones*, *Odin's Spear*, *Pan's Pipes* and *Robin Hood's Cloak*. With the hobby so well established, it is also a pleasure to see that there are still some truly creative companies who can continue to come out with 'exciting and original products'.

SNIPPETS

Games Workshop are to do a new version of the classic game *Cosmic Encounter*. The new basic version will probably also include the first expansion set. *GW* are also looking at other *West End* games with a view to UK production.

FGU have licensed *Ral Partha* to produce the Official *Bushido* figures. These will be sculpted by Bob Charette, one of the original game's designers.

It's not everyone who can have a figure of themselves specially made. *Citadel's* recent releases include one called 'Lord Brian of Linby'. The fact that *Games Workshop* and *Citadel* supremo Bryan Ansell lives in Linby is surely no more than a coincidence? I wonder when we'll see the first figure of a 'Chaos Fruitbat'? (*No one will understand this, Trev –Ed.*)

And finally . . . Everyone knows that *White Dwarf* is the home of the Unofficial Ron L Hubbard fan club, headed by Dave Langford. Well, to help promote Ron's book *Battlefield Earth*, his henchmen have been wandering around Wolverhampton dressed in 'space suits' quizzing locals. Apparently over half the people questioned feel that there is a possibility that aliens could invade Earth, whilst only 37% of them thought Earth's defences were strong enough to resist such an attack. (What defences? Perhaps we could blow ourselves to bits? Better dead than green, scaly and bug-eyed!) Those responsible for the survey have such a great understanding of science that the statistical sample for these results consisted of a massive 150 people. □

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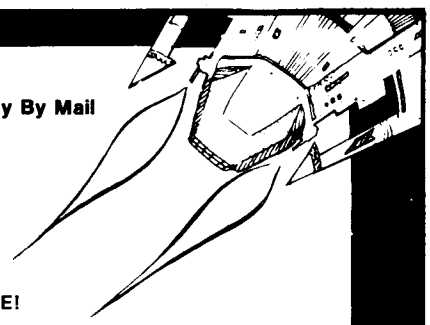

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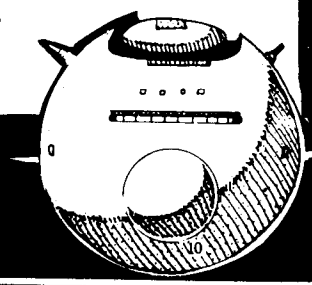

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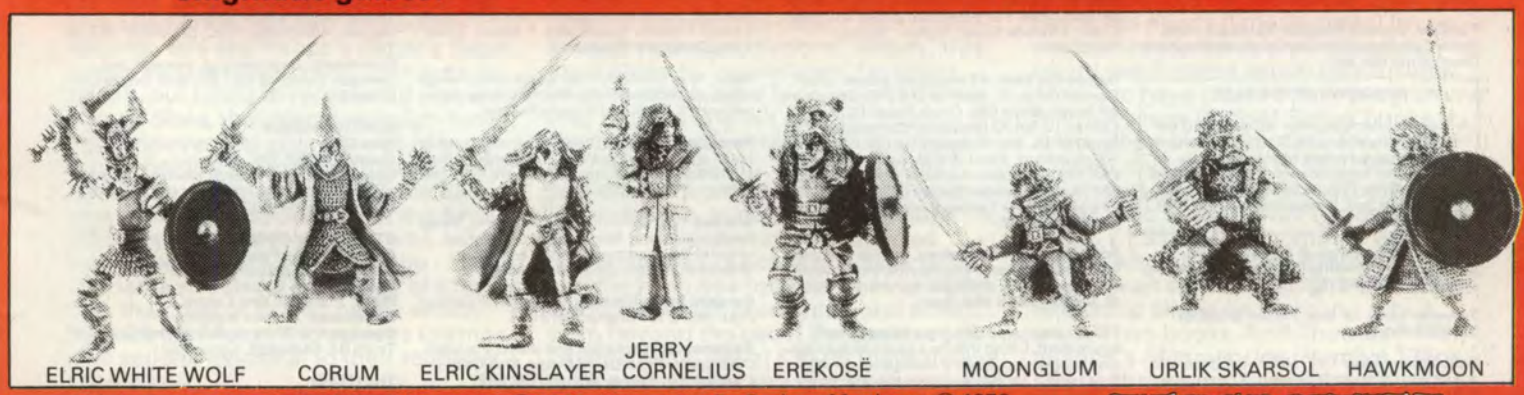

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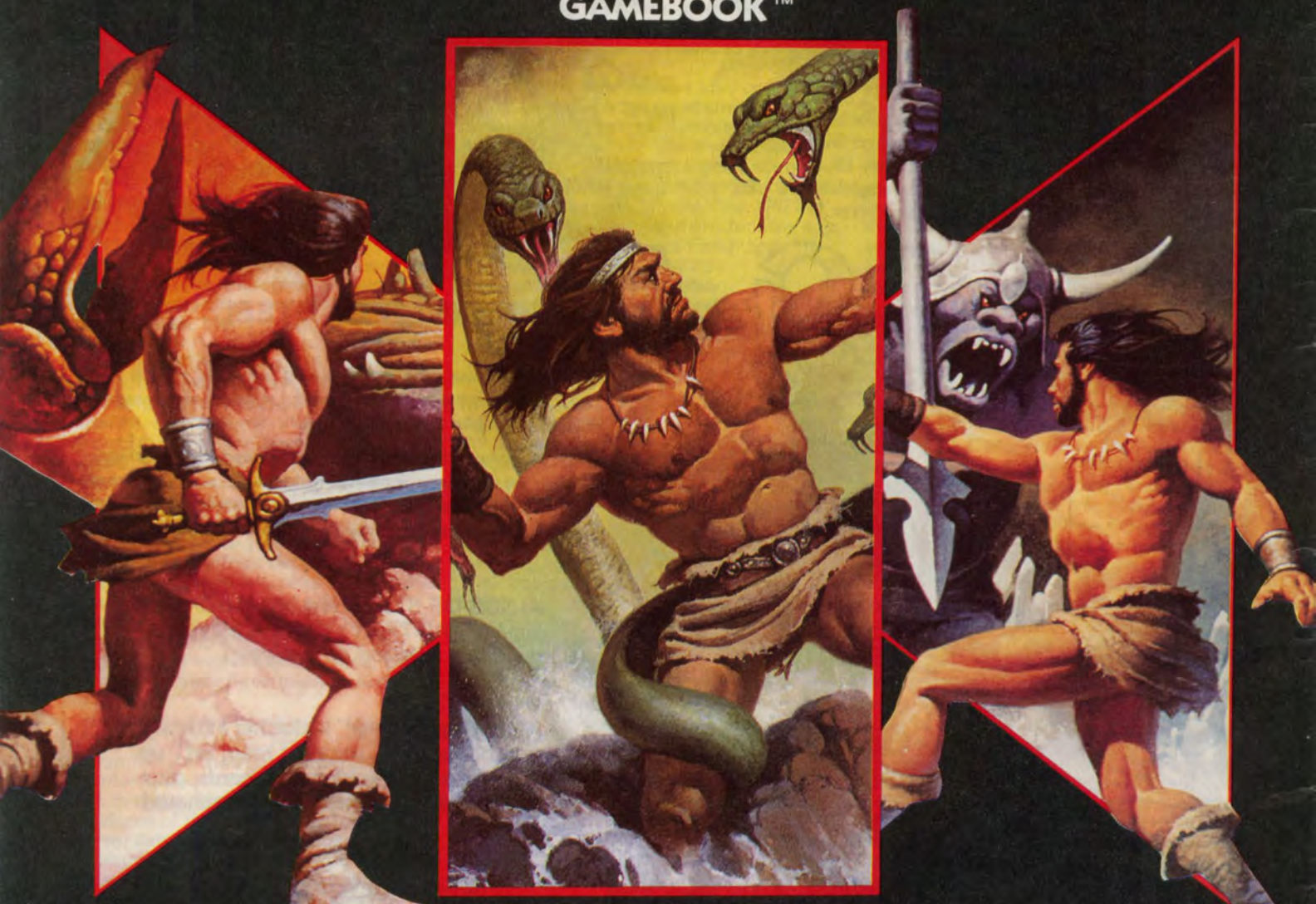

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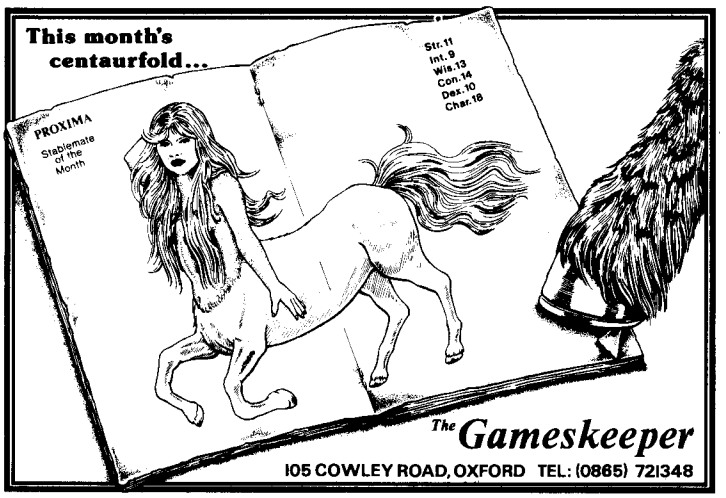

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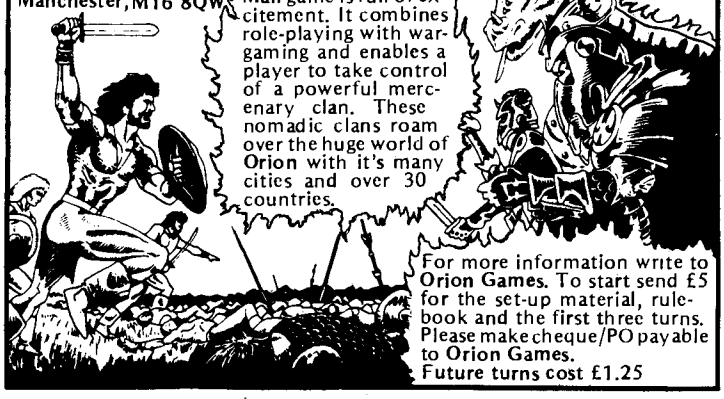

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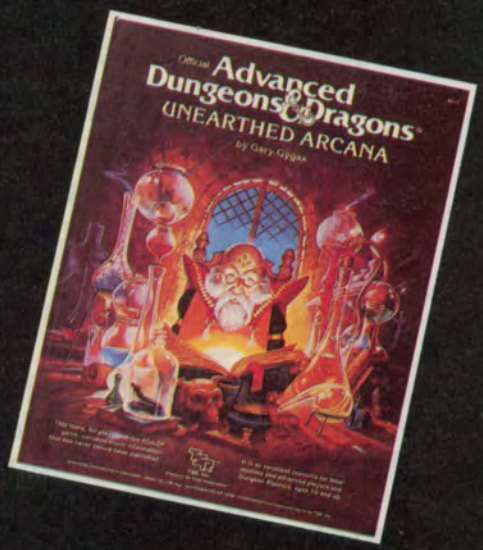

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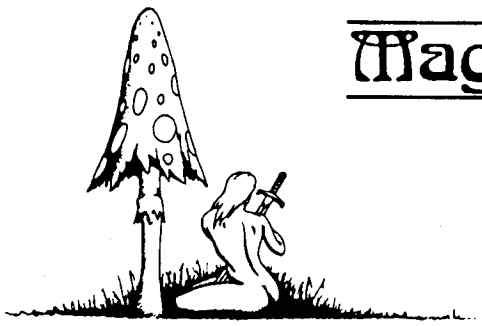

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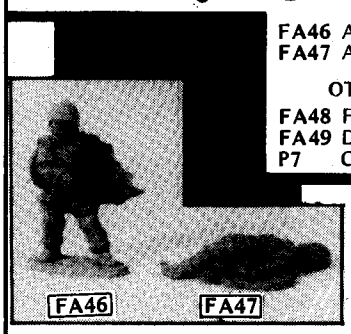

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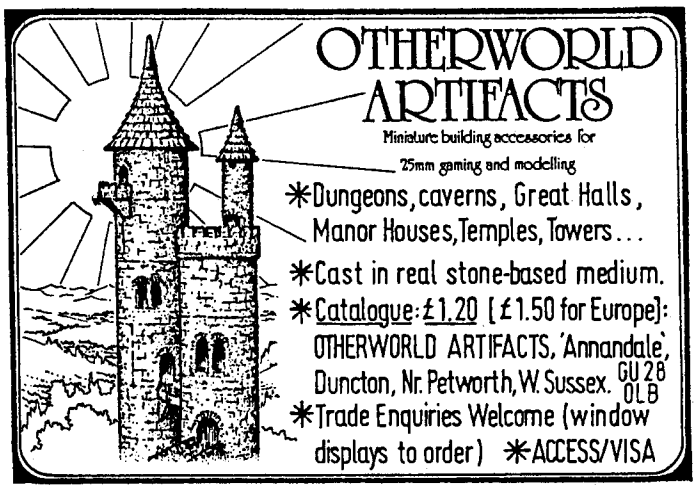

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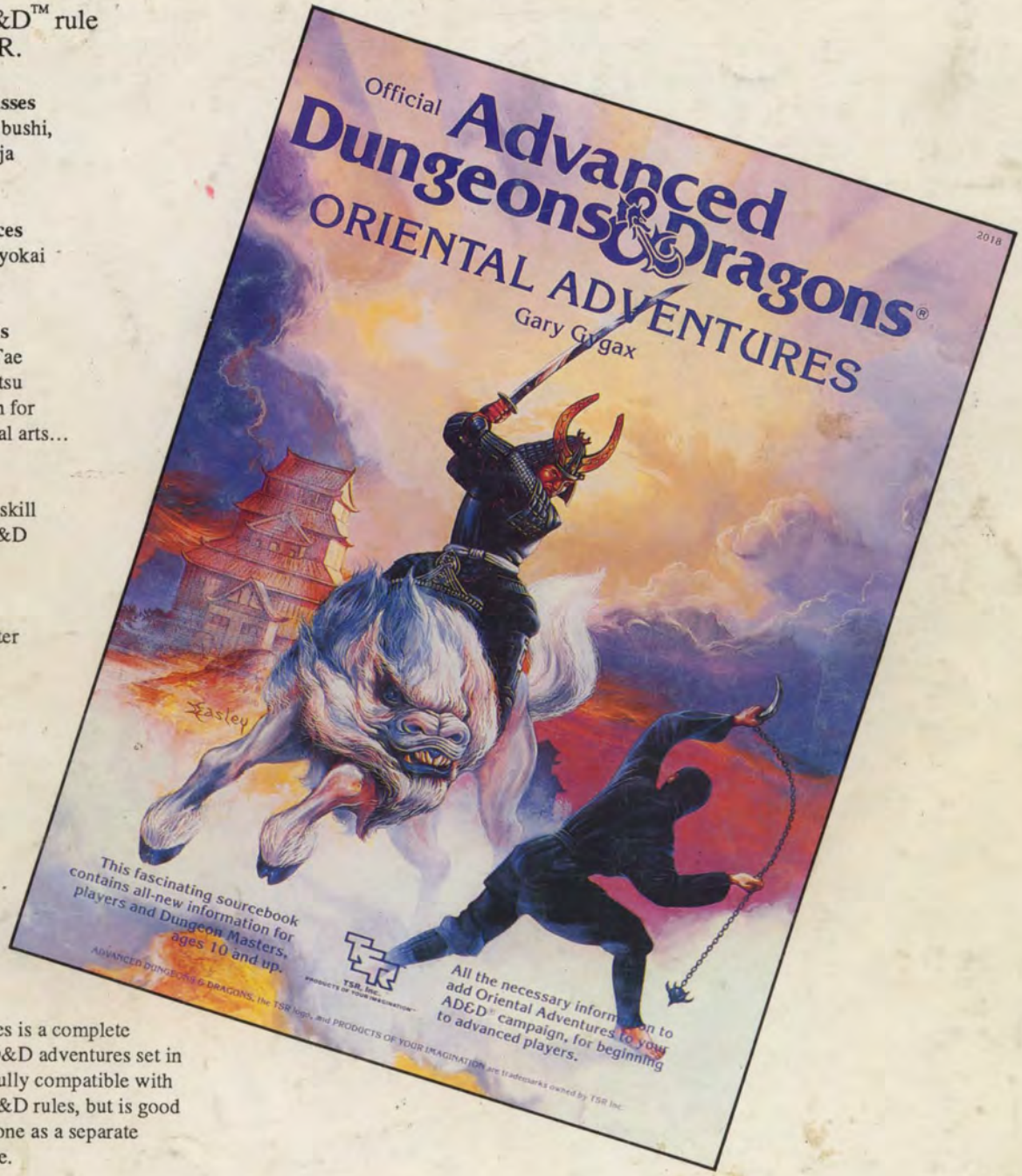

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